McKean County Miner.

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July 18

BODY OF MAN FOUND IN CREEK YESTERDAY.

Discovered by Boy Fishing Near Crossmire's Crossing.

IDENTIFIED AS ANDY PEARSON.

Watch and Money Found in His Pockets—Had Been Working Around Crosby—Coroner Sherman Notified But No Inquest Held—Body is Now at Sasse's Morgue, this Borough.

County Detective Jones received a telephone message from Farmers Valley yesterday morning stating that a man had been found in the creek near that place and summoned him to the scene.

It appears that a boy named Earl Connors had been fishing along the creek a short distance below the bridge at Crossmire's crossing and discovered an object lying along the bank of the stream. The boy investigated and discovered the object to be the corpse of a man. The body was lying across a snag along the bank and the head, shoulders and legs were submerged in the water. The body was discovered about 9 o'clock.

The boy notified the foreman of a section crew of the Pennsylvania railroad who were at work in the vicinity and the body was removed from the water and placed on a hand car and taken to Farmers Valley where it was carried to the old Otto blacksmith shop near the depot.

Papers on the dead man's person disclosed his name to be Andy Pearson and his former home to have been in Kane. A good gold watch and $41.15 in money were found in the man's pockets along with a match safe and smoker's articles. He was fairly well dressed, being attired in a dark suit, good shoes, new rubbers and wore a pair of woolen gloves.

The body was badly decomposed being in a condition beyond recognition and it is thought that the man must have come to his death at the time of the high water about six weeks ago, this theory was further borne out by the fact that he was attired for cold weather.

Officer Jones on arriving at the scene and investigating the details at hand could find nothing suspicious connected with the man's drowning other than its being accidental and although Coroner Sherman of Bradford was notified and came to Farmers Valley in the afternoon it was not deemed necessary to hold an inquest.

Andy Pearson had been employed in the woods about Crosby for some time previous to his death and several weeks ago quit his job and received a good sized amount of pay due him. After this he disappeared and had not been heard from since. There is said to have been times when he was not entirely rational and as he was a man who drank some he may have fallen into the creek while either temporarily mentally unbalanced or while in an intoxicated condition. He had probably gone to the vicinity of Farmers Valley in search of work on quitting his Crosby job, and his death resulted soon after arriving, while he was wandering about in the vicinity of the stream.

He has a sister living in Kane. His nationality is Swedish and he is said to have been aged between 35 and 40 years. From all that can be learned he was an industrious man.

County Superintendent Breneman was authorized to take charge of the remains. In company with Undertaker Sasse he drove to Farmers Valley in the county ambulance yesterday afternoon and brought the corpse to this place, where it was taken to the morgue of Mr. Sasse's undertaking establishment where it now lies.

County Detective Jones wet to Kane last evening and will make an attempt to find the dead man's sister and have her claim the remains. In case she refuses to do this the body will probably be buried by the county.

Fine Pansy Plants in bud and bloom ready to set out. Sweet Peas 50c to $1.00 a hundred. Fresh Carnations, 35 to 50c in colors; selects, all colors and white, 75c a doz., at the Port Allegany Greenhouse, Port Allegany, Pa.

Potato Machinery.

One Aspinwall planter, one Hoover digger for sale or exchange for good cows.

ATWOOD PUTNAM,
Crosby, Pa.

NEW FIRE HOSE TESTED.

2,500 Feet of Borough's New Fire Hose Made Good.

The 2,500 feet of fire hose received by the borough last fall from the Fabric Fire Hose Co. of New York was given a tryout Wednesday morning. This hose was delivered by the Fabric company to replace a like amount of fire fighting material received last summer, which proved defective when tested, and is of a higher quality, although the original price paid remaining good.

The fire engine was taken to the hydrant at the corner of Main and Union streets and three lengths of the hose were tested at a time. The results were most satisfactory. A pressure of 300 pounds of water was sent through the lines in every instance and only one length was found faulty and this was owing to a defective connection. The hydrant at which the test was made, is of a new model recently installed by the borough, and proved an excellent one. It is understood that it is the intention to replace the hydrants now in use with ones of this model as fast as possible.

The engine was also given a tryout. Two lines of hose were attached to it and 275 pounds pressure was attained in each line, while with three streams 125 pounds was reached.

There are not many towns the size of Smethport that can boast of 2,500 feet of fine fire hose, while there is over 500 feet of old hose on hand which is in fair condition and could be used in case of emergency with an ordinary pressure of water.

About the only thing now lacking is a hose wagon. The Department is about to purchase two lighter hand drawn carts to replace the heavy one now in use which would give the borough four carts. The fallacy of using hand drawn apparatus in a town that covers the area Smethport does is most apparent and has been demonstrated time and again, and in winter time the conditions are such as to not only render such apparatus impractical, but useless. With a hose wagon and team which could be maintained by the borough and used to do its team work Smethport would have an ideal fire protection. Such a team could be run to the Fire Department headquarters from any part of town at the sounding of an alarm and hitched to a hose wagon and gotten to a fire in quicker time than is possible under present conditions.

HOME TALENT ENTERTAINMENTS

Soon to be Produced for the Benefit of The Lyceum.

Rehearsals are progressing in a most satisfactory manner for the operettas soon to be produced—by local talent for the benefit of the Lyceum. The pieces to be produced are "Sylvia" and "A Nautical Knot." It is understood that it is the intention to hold a fair lasting four nights, when the operettas are ready for presentation. A dance will be given the first night, an opera the second, a dance the third, and the second opera the fourth. These productions will introduce a large number of the very cream of local talent and it is safe to say that they will be produced on an elaborate scale. The rehearsals, which are being held nightly, are under the direction of Mesdames John Clark and H. C. Weiss, and Miss Alice Neil, which alone will insure the success of the entertainments. The operas to be produced are said to be very pretty ones.

SUSTAINED BAD BURNS.

Young Lady Received Painful Injury Tuesday.

A young lady named Cole, who was visiting at the home of Arthur Miller at East Smethport, received painful injuries Tuesday morning. Miss Cole was in the act of lighting the fire under an oven preparatory to getting dinner and when the gas ignited the flames sprang out, striking her on the face and neck, inflicting painful burns. Dr. Hamilton was summoned and attended the young lady who was suffering greatly. While the burns were quite bad they were not deep and it is not thought that Miss Cole will be left with any scars to remember her unpleasant experience—from the effect of which she is recovering nicely.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Advertise in the Miner.

SMETHPORT WINS FROM ELDRED.

In the High School Literary Contest Held Last Friday.

The much talked of, among High School Scholars at least, literary contest between Eldred and Smethport was decided at the Smethport Lyceum last Friday evening. The contest was close and spirited and resulted in a victory for Smethport by a score of 3 to 2. In no instance was the decision of the three judges unanimous, showing that all were very evenly matched.

Miss Agnes Farley was awarded the decision in the Essay for Eldred. Allen Morrison for Smethport won the oration. Miss Iva Davy took the honors for Eldred in the sight reading. And J. Donald Hogarth and Miss Alberta Cory won the debate for Smethport.

The numbers of the contest was interspersed with musical numbers and the large audience spent a very enjoyable evening. After the contest was over a pleasant social dance was enjoyed until a late hour.

AN OLD NEWSPAPER.

The Ulster County Gazette Dated January 4, 1800.

Last Monday morning John O. Dodge showed us a copy of the Ulster County Gazette, published at Kingston, N. Y., and dated January 4, 1800, making this paper a little over 110 years old. The paper is the property of Benjamin Terwilliger and has been handed down in the family for over one hundred years. It is in excellent preservation, nearly every line being legible.

An item in this paper that makes it especially valuable is an account of the funeral of General George Washington, who died on December 14, 1799. News travelled slowly in those days and then news but over three weeks old was live news, so limited were the means for conveying it.

The style of journalism in those days was somewhat different, but the most unique matter was the advertising. We may reproduce some of the matter at some future date.

MONTE SHOEMAKER DEAD.

Former Smethport Resident Dies in Olean.

Word was received in Smethport Monday of the death of Monte Shoemaker, proprietor of Frank's Hotel, Olean, which occurred that day.

Details of his demise are quite meagre, but it is understood that Mr. Shoemaker had been in his usual health up until the time of his sudden death.

A number of years ago he and his family resided in Smethport. He subsequently moved to Olean and for a number of years conducted the Grand Central restaurant at that place. About three years ago he purchased the Frank's Hotel on State street and had conducted that hostelry since.

Monte Shoemaker was aged about 54 years, and is survived by a widow and three children; two boys and a girl. Joseph and Charles Shoemaker, his sons, are frequent Smethport visitors and are well known here. Mr. Shoemaker was a man who made friends on every hand. And many of these in Smethport and Olean will deeply regret to learn of his demise.

The funeral will be held in Olean to-day.

AGAIN IN OPERATION.

Holmes & Gilfillan Start Their Saw-mill Tuesday.

Holmes & Gilfillan started up their saw mill in this borough Tuesday and a long and busy season is expected.

Ths mill, which was erected five years ago, and the present will be the fourth season it has been operated, the concern lying idle last summer, and all this in a section generally supposed to be depleted of timber. But this hustling firm have secured enough raw material to run their mill during the past seasons and have in the neighborhood of a million feet of logs, banked along the Mill street side of the pond, to be sawed this summer.

The Holmes & Gilfillan plant is one of the largest in the country and is of great benefit to Smethport under ordinary conditions, and with the saw mill in operation, which will necessitate a considerable increase of force, will be even more so.

Change in Laundry Agency.

The agency for the Kane Steam Laundry has been changed from C. S. Van Dusen to Harrigan's Barber Shop in the Central Block.

FRANK J. COLLINS DEAD.

Passed Away at the Bradford Hospital Last Friday.

The following is gleaned from the Bradford Era: Frank J. Collins, one of the best known business men in Northern Pennsylvania, a prominent citizen of Bradford and one who was held in high esteem generally, passed from life Friday afternoon, at the Bradford hospital, a victim of Bright's disease and complications. He had knowledge of the fact during the early part of the day that death was at hand and in greeting friends at his bedside, he discussed his impending fate in a matter-of-fact manner, quite characteristic of the man. He bade the callers farewell and said to give his last regards and good wishes to all his friends. Then he sank into a condition of semi-consciousness which later became a sleep of death.

Frank J. Collins was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on July 30, 1859, the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. R. Collins, who came to Bradford in 1876. The elder Mr. Collins opened an extensive wholesale liquor business in this city and was very prosperous. The parents of the deceased died many years ago and the business established by N. R. Collins at No. 88 Main street was continued by the son.

The deceased was a graduate of Alfred (N. Y.) University, class of 1879 and being an apt student he became splendidly equipped, by his studies, for a business career. His skill as a manager of large affairs is well known. Having interests extending to many distant places he always kept in close touch with the various branches of the house of N. R. Collins & Co. and was fully acquainted with the details of the extensive business in his charge. He was identified with the distilling of various brands of liquor and became an extensive importer of wines, etc., from Spain, France and other foreign countries.

He traveled extensively in Europe, partly for pleasure, but never overlooking business affairs. His reminiscences of tours abroad were always of a most interesting character.

He was a Democrat in politics and when a young man was a candidate for the legislature. He conducted a speaking campaign throughout the county and demonstrated his abilities as an orator in a manner that added much to his popularity. However, the county was strongly Republican and he failed of election. He was often urged, thereafter, to again enter the local political arena as a candidate but declined all such suggestions.

Mr. Collins was often heard at banquets, fraternal assemblages, etc., as a public speaker and his oratorical efforts on those occasions were always keenly enjoyed by his hearers. He was possessed of the unusual faculty of readily speaking off hand upon a great variety of subjects. His command of language, for a non-professional speaker, was remarkable and his sense of humor and natural wit caused him to be the observed of all observers at such gatherings—"The life of the party," as has often been said.

All through his life he was a tireless reader and observer. He was well informed upon a wide range of subjects. He devoted much study and attention to Masonry and belonged to the various bodies, here, of that fraternity. He also was a member of the Bradford Lodge of Elks; he belonged to the Odd Fellows, the Knights of Pythias and the Commercial Travelers. He was treasurer of the Pennsylvania Federation of Liquor Dealers and a member of the executive committee of the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers' association. He was president of the McKean County Liquor Dealers' association, also.

He belonged to Damascus Shrine, Rochester, N. Y., and to The Consistory, at Coudersport, in addition to the local Masonic bodies.

He belonged to the Bradford club and formerly was a member of the Central Hose company of the old volunteer fire department. Surviving him are his stepmother, Mrs. N. R. Collins, and his half-sister, Miss Margaret A. Collins of Collins court, Bradford.

The remains will be taken to Greenwood cemetery, Brooklyn, N. Y., for interment.

The funeral services over the remains of Frank J. Collins were conducted at the First Methodist church Sunday afternoon, at 3 o'clock, by Rev. J. M. Walters. The body was shipped on the Erie, Sunday evening for Brooklyn where burial took place, at Greenwood cemetery, in the Collins' family lot.

Subscribe for the Miner.

ENGLISH SPARROW A NUISANCE.

To the gardner and fruit grower the English sparrow is a nuisance rather than a help. It was introduced into the United States about forty years ago, to prey upon the measuring worm, or canker worm, which had become very destructive to shade trees in the cities. It found many other things, however, to engage its attention, and soon became so undesirable in its habits as to become despised by gardeners, farmers, fruit growers and horticulturists generally. It is a pugnacious bird, and on account of its violent attacks upon them many of our most valuable native song and insectivorous birds have greatly diminished. It not only is disposed to drive such birds from their nests, but has been known to kill and devour their young and their eggs.

Moreover, the English sparrow feeds largely in the spring on the buds of fruit trees, and, also, does great damage in vegetable gardens in pulling up and eating the seeds, such as peas, etc., as they come up. It is, likewise, destructive in grain fields, as it alights on the stalks of wheat and oats, and not only consumes large quantities of grain, but wastes a great deal through swaying to and fro on the slender stalks, causing the grain to fall to the ground. It has been known to tear open the husks of green corn, devour the tender kernels, and cause much loss through exposing the remaining grains to atmospheric changes and the ravages of insects.

The martins which formerly returned every spring to the boxes provided for them in towns and cities, have in many instances, failed to turn up, on account of their nesting places having been seized and occupied by English sparrows. Many other insectivorous birds, as useful as the martin, have been driven away by the common feathered enemy. In fact, there is hardly a species of our native birds that the English sparrow will not molest.

In view of the pugnaciousness of the English sparrows and their destructiveness, and but few redeeming qualities, State Zoologist Surface recommends that a war of extermination be waged against them. It will not do to endeavor to poison them, he says, as by scattering grain for that purpose which had been soaked in some poisonous solution, the lives of useful birds would be endangered, as well as domestic fowls. They can be shot and trapped, or their nests destroyed when containing young, thus keeping them down to a minimum. There was formerly a law which protected the English sparrow, the same having been passed soon after its advent in the United States, but in 1883, at the suggestion of a number of agricultural and horticultural socities, the law was repealed, and the killing of English sparrows, and the destroying of their nests, eggs or young, at all seasons of the year, is now legalized.

MAN WAS BADLY CUT.

Inmate of County Jail Struck by Falling Light Globe.

A man named Jones, who is confined to the county jail on a charge of vagrancy, met with quite a bad accident Monday. Jones, who is a "trusty" was doing some household work for Turnkey McCarthy when a light globe burst and struck him on the left hand and inflicted a very bad cut. Dr. Hamilton was summoned and rendered necessary medical attention. It was necessary to take six stitches to close up the wound.

RECEIVED PAINFUL INJURIES.

Employe of Smethport Window Glass Plant Was Badly Cut.

Harry Ferry, an employe of the Smethport Window Glass factory received a painful injury while at his work Thursday. Ferry attempted to kick a sharp pointed piece of glass that was lying on the floor out of the way. The glass did not move as readily as Ferry had expected, and the sharp point of the glass entered the instep of his right foot and buried itself almost to the ankle. Dr. Chadwick was summoned and attended to the man's injury.

Notice.

O. K. Art Store of Bradford retiring from business. Mr. George Sylvia of New York City, who has the reputation of being one of the finest Auctioneers in the country, has charge of the sale. The Art Novelties are of the choicest; pictures and frames the best, nothing reserved, everything must go. Afternoon sale 3 o'clock, evening sale 8 o'clock. Everybody invitetd. 29 South Avenue, next to Theatre.

OTHER THINGS.

> "And all the world I knew,
> And the glories that lie beyond it, and whitherward all things drew;
> And myself a little fragment amidst it all I saw."

The Chancellor of the English Exchequer-David Lloyd George.

There is probably no man in England today who is more talked about than David Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer or as we would say the Secretary of the Treasury. It should be of interest to know something of the early life and the antecedents of this man for there are many who believe that he stands a fair chance of becoming some day the Premier of England.

David Lloyd George, as his middle name suggests is of Welsh descent. He comes from the peasant class his father having been a school master. Through failing health the father was forced to leave his chosen work and retire to a small farm in Pembrokeshire where he soon fell a victim to pneumonia and left the widow nothing beside David who was two and a half years old and a younger sister and another brother born soon after the father's death. The mother had a bachelor brother named Richard Lloyd and he took the little, helpless family to his humble cottage at Llanystumdwy, a charming village near the base of the Eryri Mountains.

Here the great struggle was fought out and it was no light one for the mother. She had a hard time to bring up her family but she was brave and never complained, they ate home-made bread, scarcely ever saw fresh meat and it was the greatest luxury of the children to have half an egg on Sunday mornings.

The only capital which the young George had was a sound mind in a sound body, a strong sense of devotion to duty, honesty of purpose and a capacity for almost unlimited hard work. He had plenty of fresh air, abundance of bread and milk, intense love for home and native land, poetic love for magnificent scenery. He conscientiously studied the Bible in the vernacular and he regularly attended the chapel Sunday School and the services held there. In England and Wales the only thing that is considered a church is the so called, established church, which has assumed a dignity which is recognized by no one else. David's family was connected with the Baptists and the bachelor uncle was both a shoe maker and a preacher. David was too intelligent not to realize that there was a gap between himself and the gentry. The privileged classes owned nearly all of the lands and waters and forests and glades and it was all protected by game keepers and by one-sided legislation. He and his dog Bismarck had the feeling that the lands belonged rather to the peasants and they did not always refrain from poaching.

His school days were full of interest and he learned with ease for his mind was vigorous and active. The lad was the promise of the man as one incident will serve to show. The school which he attended was one of the national schools and though most of the pupils were from non-conformist families still the teaching had a decidedly Anglican basis and twice every year the narrow minded authorities marched every child regardless of their church relations, and in hope that some of them could be won over, to the parish church where they were compelled to recite the creed and catechism of the state church. It was not a creditable proceeding and the young David, felt that it was sacrilligious, and tyrannical. One morning just before the trip was to be made David harrangued his fellow pupils on religious oppression and the injustice of forcing dissenters to repeat the creed of an 'alien church.' He made such an impression upon them that they felt that to recite the creed was disloyalty to God and a sin and when they arrived at the church and the vicar in the presence of the gentry and the 'faithful' attempted to proceed with this most unbecoming scheme not one of them would open his mouth; sullen, stubborn silence prevailed. No coaxing or threatening or urging availed. At last one of the sammest of the rebels did pipe up 'I believe,' and then a number of the others joined in but not so David. He was intensely mortified that they had deserted him and it was his first defeat in public life. And still it was not a defeat for the children of Llanystumdwy, were never again marched to 'the church.' It is needless to say that David's name was taken off from the honor roll that term for daring to be true to him-

(Continued on Page 4.)

HIS SECRET.

How a Bank Clerk Eventually Became a Director.

By JOHN JONES.

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The lot of a younger son in England is usually a hard one because the boys are brought up in affluence only to be turned out with a pittance when they come of age.

Clarence Meldron was one of these younger sons, and at the age of nineteen a position on a high stool in the Bank of England was obtained for him. There has never been the chance for a young man in England to rise as in this country, and when Meldron entered the bank to begin a life of drudgery he felt like one on whom the doors of a jail had closed. What especially filled him with melancholy was that he loved the daughter of a baronet whom her family considered sufficiently attractive to marry the firstborn of a duke. And so she was. Lady Emily Twiss was extremely pretty, extremely kind, extremely bright. Indeed, she possessed every feature to recommend her as a wife.

Young Meldron had been in the employ of the bank two years with a few pounds a year increase in his salary when he received a note from Lady Emily bidding him a sad farewell. The Marquis of Stanforth had proposed for her hand, and there was no choice for her but to accept him. On receipt of Lady Emily's note Meldron suffered that agony which only a young lover knows who sees the girl he worships pass to another man.

Before leaving the bank that afternoon Meldron was notified that he was to deliver a box of papers from the strong room of the bank the same evening to the house of one of the directors. At the appointed time the young clerk went to the bank, got the box and carried it as instructed. He was told to wait in the hall, which he did for an hour or more while several of the directors were discussing a matter of finance in one of the apartments. Then he was called into the room where they were convened.

MELDRON QUESTIONED HIM.

"Go," said one of the gentlemen, "to the bank and in the strong room you will find a number of chests in which are also papers. Open the box marked 1872 and bring me the package marked as indicated on this paper."

He handed Meldron a slip and a key. The young man took both, went to the bank, was admitted and entered to the strong room. Having possessed himself of what he had been sent for, he looked about him.

He was in a room containing more treasure than any in the world. Great heaps of coin, bank bills and securities were deposited there. With a lantern he carried he poked about in corners and crannies. Suddenly he felt himself sliding downward. He struck a stone floor over which water was trickling, but he knew this only from the source of touch, for his lantern had gone out.

He bethought himself of a silver matchbox in his pocket, kept there for lighting his pipe. He struck a match and illuminated a sewer. He also lighted up the incline by which he had entered it and saw that he could go back the way he came. His lantern was at his feet, and, picking it up, he relighted it. Then he climbed back into the strong room.

Fortunately he had not caught much filth on his clothes, for he had not lost his balance in his descent of but a few feet. He ascended the stairs, was let out by the man in charge and went straight to the house where the directors were conferring. There he was rated soundly for having been so long on his errand. He made no excuse and was permitted to depart, his superiors saying that they would not need him longer.

A vision of a great change in his affairs loomed up in the young man's mind. He possessed a secret that involved millions. If he could leave the strong room by means of the sewer others could enter it in the same way. While the officials were watching their treasure above ground by the most carefully devised system there was no watch whatever at this opening where the sewer had broken and left a free entrance to the strong room.

No thought of using his knowledge for the purpose of appropriating the funds of the bank entered his head. What he was thinking of was how he might use the secret honestly to assist him to a career. He lay awake all night thinking, but found no plan except to make some excuse to go into the strong room again and see if he could find his way out through the sewer.

A few days later, just before closing, carrying a lantern with him, he entered the strong room, thence the sewer and began to walk slowly through it. Presently he met a man who seemed to be looking about him for what he could pick up. Meldron questioned him and learned that he was one of that strange class who gain a living by searching the sewers. He piloted the clerk to an opening where egress was easy. Meldron marked the spot so that he would know it again.

One morning the bank's directors received a scrap of dirty paper on which was written in the hand of an illiterate person the following:

You think you is all safe hand you bank hie safe, but I knows better. I kin plunder the bank, the last 2 nite hand you nose nuffin about it. But I am nott a theaf, so hif yer will meet me in the great [illegible] room with all the monelys at twelv nite, he explain out to you, let only [illegible] 2 cum down, and say nuffin to nobody.

The directors turned the note over to the police, gave orders that the strong room should be guarded and thought no more of the matter.

Nothing unusual happened in the bank that night, and the next day the note would have been forgotten had it not been for a remarkable circumstance. A chest of paper and securities taken from the strong room was received at the bank with another note from their mysterious correspondent complaining that the directors had set the police upon the writer and that he had not therefore kept his appointment, but he had sent the chest of papers he had taken from the strong room. The note further said that if a few of the directors should be in the strong room at midnight he would join them there.

Meanwhile Clarence Meldron sat at his desk in the bank, doing his duties with his accustomed regularity. He heard the note that he had sent the directors discussed in a low tone by two or three of them and knew that a guard was posted at the strong room. The only matter that occupied him outside his duties was a letter he wrote to his sweetheart imploring her not to consent to a wedding with her [illegible] until she could [illegible] no longer [illegible] that something might turn up. [illegible] sweetheart replied that [illegible] for what he wished.

[illegible] of the chest of [illegible] boxes from the [illegible] A search of the strong rooms was made [illegible] Meldron had drawn a [illegible] the crack [illegible] he had fallen, and it was [illegible]. After the discussion the directors decided to meet this man, spirit or devil, in the strong room in accordance with his appointment.

So that if [illegible] the police were called to be ready to make any arrest that might be required, and armed guards of the bank were concealed behind treasure boxes in other strong rooms. Just before midnight three directors who were selected to meet the man in the strong room assembled at the bank and entered what was to be the meeting room. All braced themselves not to show fear. Nevertheless one of them was pale and the other two trembling.

When a deep toned bell without struck twelve a voice called from what point they could not tell:

"Put out the lights!"

After some deliberation this was done, and after the party had stood a few moments in darkness bright rays from a dark lantern at the other end of the room dazzled them. Then they heard the cry:

"Light up!"

The lights were turned on, and there before them stood their clerk, Clarence Meldron. He waited for them to speak.

"Explain this!" said one of the directors.

Meldron told them of his first visit to the strong room, of his sliding into the sewer, of his subsequent trip in the sewer and of his meeting there. Then he took them to the opening.

They looked at one another in blank amazement, thinking of the responsibility they had incurred in the fact that there was an entrance from the outside to their treasure room.

"But why have you taken this strange method of informing us of the opening?" asked a director.

"To impress upon you the fact that your treasure was exposed. I could have made myself one of the richest men in the world by secretly and slowly taking away treasure that might not have been missed in weeks, perhaps months. If I had simply called you in here and shown you the crack you would have presented me with £10 reward, and that would have been the end of the matter. I deemed it advisable that you should be made fully conscious that under your administration you were exposing the fund of millions of people intrusted to your care to be plundered by any dishonest person knowing the secret."

Not one of the directors but understood that they had an honest young man to deal with, but one who was bright enough to take advantage of the possession of his secret. Were the story to be spread about London the gravest consequences would accrue to the bank and would be their ruin. Before Clarence Meldron left them he was notified that he would be appointed to an important trust.

That was the beginning of one of the largest fortunes in England. Meldron became a great financier and a director of the bank. He married the Lady Emily Twiss.

Deceiving the Widow.

A healthy looking woman dressed in deep mourning stepped on to the platform scales and requested the grocer's clerk to ascertain her weight. He looked and said, "One hundred and forty pounds."

"You made a mistake of twelve pounds in that woman's weight," said another man who had also watched the scales. "She weighed 152 pounds instead of 140."

"I know that," said the clerk, "but she never would have forgiven me if I had told her so. That woman's husband died about six weeks ago. She has gained seven pounds in that time, but to keep her in good humor with herself I had to make her think she had lost five. I don't know why it is, but anybody who has suffered bereavement seems to consider it a disgrace to take on flesh. That woman has been weighed three times since her husband died. She would be shocked if she knew she had gained right along. Fortunately she is too nearsighted to read the scales herself, so it is easy to make her think she is wasting away."—New York Press.

Law and the Queen.

The quaintness of many provisions of British law is curiously illustrated in the status of the queen of England. So far as her majesty's private business is concerned, she is not regarded by the laws and customs of England as a married woman at all. She is the only woman in Great Britain who does not come within the scope of the married woman's property act. The idea in all this is that affairs of state consume all the time of the king, and therefore no responsibility for the queen's private business rests upon him. If the queen contracted debts in her husband's name he would not be responsible for them as any other husband in the United Kingdom would. The king cannot be sued for debt, but the queen can be. Should the king die, some authorities hold that the queen could not marry again in case she wished to, without the license of the king's successor.—New York Tribune.

Dog Law In Constantinople.

"When one of the street dogs of Constantinople gets too old to be of use to the band the captain dog decides that he is to die," says Albert Bigelow Paine in Harper's Weekly. "A day comes when the captain issues an edict that he is no longer to have food. From that day until his death not a morsel passes his lips. With longing eyes he looks at the others eating, but he makes no attempt to join them. Now and again a bit of something falls his way. The temptation is too strong—he reaches toward the morsel. The captain, who overlooks nothing, gives a low growl. The dying creature shrinks back without a murmur. He knows the law. Perhaps he, too, was once a captain. The minister's wife told me that she had tried to feed one of those dying dogs, but that even when food was placed in front of him he would only look pleadingly at the captain and refuse to touch it."

How They Got 'Em.

The sad looking man climbed into the bootblack's chair to have his shoes shined.

"And is your father a bootblack, too?" he asked, by way of making conversation.

"No, sir," replied the lad. "My father is a farmer."

"Ah, a farmer!" cried the sad looking man as a spasm almost akin to joy spread over his features. As he reached into his pocket for a notebook and pencil he began to mumble a sort of gibberish. It sounded like this:

"Farmer—hay? Farmer—hay. Son bootblack. Son shines. Ah! I have it. Your father evidently believes in making hay while the son shines."

Perhaps it is needless to explain that instead of being a mild lunatic the sad looking man was one of those professional humorists who write funny pieces for the papers.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Laughter Saved the Ship.

Humor has been credited with the saving of many things, but perhaps never before has a ship been saved by its judicious application. In a great storm many years ago a ship's crew were all at prayers when a boy burst into a fit of violent laughter. Being reproved for his ill timed mirth and asked the reason for it, he said, "Why, I was laughing to think what a hissing the boatswain's red nose will make when it comes in contact with the water." This ludicrous remark set the crew laughing, inspired them with new spirits, and by a great exertion they brought the vessel safely into port.—Liverpool Post.

Two Narrow Escapes.

An Irishman, seeing a vessel very heavily laden and scarcely above the water's edge, exclaimed, "Upon my sowl, if the river was but a little higher the ship would go to the bottom!"

"See there!" exclaimed the returned Irish soldier to the gaping crowd as he exhibited with some pride his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will ye! Ye see, if it had been a low crowned hat I should have been killed outright."

His Temper.

"My dear," said a lady to her husband, "there must be a lot of iron in your system."

"Why do you think so?"

"Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot!"

Discoveries.

So many famous discoveries have turned out to be re-discoveries that we become cautious about asserting that any event or achievement was the first of its kind.—John Diske.

THE MANDARIN'S FAN

A Gift That Had In Itself a Subtle Meaning.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

Mrs. Hoffman was sewing in the deep, cool veranda of the bungalow. Jeremy, her husband, was coming up the path.

"What have you got today, Jeremy?" she asked laughingly as he laid an oblong package on the wicker table.

"Another cumsha (gift), sweetheart," he smiled, clapping his hands at the drowsy punkah boy on the mat.

The great fan swung again into motion as the boy awoke to energy, and a servant brought the inevitable tea tray and tall glasses of iced lemonade.

Jeremy Hoffman leaned back in his chair with a sigh of relief. "It has been beastly hot down in the city, Nell. I've been closeted with Shelton all the afternoon over that [illegible] business, and when I returned to my office I found an envoy from Liung Weh, bearing [illegible] friendly messages and this gift for you."

IN ANOTHER INSTANT SHE WAS LYING UNCONSCIOUS IN HIS EMBRACE.

Mrs. Hoffman held out her hand for the package. "There, Jeremy! I told you the mandarin entertained the kindliest feeling toward you. He was perfectly charming and warm in his praise of you."

"I could not help feeling that he suspected my mission. [illegible] Shelton has always been very friendly with him. Still, one can't refuse a gift in China."

"Not one like this," said his wife breathlessly. "Look, Jeremy! Isn't it beautiful?"

As she spoke she held to view a fan. The sticks were of richly carved ivory covered with lustrous green silk, gay with embroidered flowers in various colors. The fan was connected by a chain of ivory links with a bracelet of the carved ivory.

"How exquisite!" sighed Mrs. Hoffman, slipping the bracelet on her wrist and fanning herself gently with the toy.

Late in the evening she was chatting with that polished Chinese courtier, who, ample of figure, with serene countenance and watchful eyes, was one of several of his countrymen whose gorgeous apparel made splendid dashes of barbaric color among the simpler clad Europeans and Americans at the brilliant public reception.

"I am sure this fan has a history," suggested Nell Hoffman, after she had thanked the dignitary for his gift. "Pray tell it to me."

Liung Weh smiled inscrutably and shook his sleek head. "Madam must contrive her own history for the fan," he said. "Perhaps the mission of madam's husband might form the basis for a romance."

Mrs. Hoffman paled and turned away. A wave of repulsion swept over her, and for a brief instant she was prompted to return the fan to the mandarin, quite reckless of the breach of politeness. The cold, deadly glitter of the little black eyes threatened harm to something—some one—she loved, and Jeremy's mission was a delicate one and dangerous, indeed. Her husband's work might become the theme for a tragedy, never a romance.

At that moment Jeremy Hoffman appeared and carried her away, with parting apologies to the great mandarin.

"You are looking ghastly, Nell. What is the matter? Do you feel ill, dear?"

As he asked the question Jeremy's arm was outstretched to catch his wife's swaying form, and in another instant she was lying unconscious in his embrace.

"Too much dancing—playing too hard—nerves unstrung—verge of prostration," snapped out the wiry little English doctor as he left the Hoffman bungalow in the pale dawn.

Jeremy went back into the sickroom and looked down at the white face on the pillow. He bitterly reproached himself for letting his fragile wife dance her way so merrily into an illness. But they had been married only a brief three months, and his important mission had carried them directly to Shanghai, his sole thought outside of business had been to make her happy and keep her amused, and now if anything happened, if Nell should die, he would leave the cursed country forever, career or no career.

He recollected with a sudden misgiving that his predecessor had thrown over the task because his wife had died. Elwin had returned to America and chucked the service forever.

Several days afterward Nell had recovered sufficiently to be brought out into the cool, matted sitting room. Her illness had taken the form of a strange inertia. Hour after hour she would lie with dark lashes fringed against her white cheeks, her bosom scarcely stirring with each feeble breath.

The little English doctor was plainly puzzled. He fetched a clever French physician, and together the two men consulted over the case. The Frenchman went away without offering an opinion, but the next day he came back and ordered Jeremy to take his wife away.

"It is poison—so insidious—so subtle—to linger here is to die. Take her away."

"Where can I take her?" demanded Jeremy, wild with fear and anxiety.

"Anywhere—down to Hongkong if you like. It will be a change."

So Jeremy gave up the bungalow and discharged all the servants, even the faithful old nurse, whom Nell had learned to love. After them he tossed the medicine bottles and pills and powders. If a secret enemy lurked in his household, one whose object was to destroy his beautiful bride, the general clearing out would include him.

The sea voyage and the arrival at the picturesque island, with its delightful points of interest and its charming English population, did Nell Hoffman a world of good. Gradually the apathy left her and her bright spirits returned. The French doctor made a special trip down the coast to see her and pronounced her on the road to recovery.

"Be careful of her," he urged Jeremy. "She is not strong. I cannot determine what drug or how it has been administered, but surely some subtle poison has been given to your wife. Watch, and take care if you have an enemy."

That very evening they attended a dinner party, Nell lovely in pale green, with the mandarin's fan swinging from her wrist. An hour after her arrival Jeremy accompanied her home again, sitting beside her in the carriage, holding her unconscious form in his arms.

[illegible]

"[illegible]," groaned Jeremy, flinging himself into a chair and dropping his head into his hands. "I don't know. I have [illegible] her. [illegible] I will take her home."

There [illegible] Elwin found him.

"Shelton asked me to come out—said your wife in trouble and that I might help you out on the business," said the former as he shook hands with Hoffman.

"The business can go hang!" said Jeremy passionately. "All I care about is to take my wife away from this cursed country. Forgive my temper, Elwin, but you can understand."

Elwin nodded gravely. "I can understand. I waited too long and lost my wife. What is the matter with Mrs. Hoffman? I thought her looking unusually well when you sailed."

Jeremy explained, and Elwin listened with his face in shadow. As he finished, Jeremy picked up the mandarin's fan from the table where he had flung it the night of their return from the dinner party.

"She was looking quite well and fanning herself with this thing when all at once she just crumpled into a heap," he said.

"Let me see it," said Elwin in a strange voice. He examined the fan with keen intensity, lifting it once to his nose and then hastily withdrawing it.

"Where did she get it?" he asked sharply.

"A gift from Liung Weh. You know, I'm on friendly terms with the old scoundrel, although"—

"Enough! So was I! Liung Weh was lavish in his gifts to us. He gave my wife a fan like this one, and—oh, my God, if I had only known in time!" Elwin's voice rang harshly as he leaped to his feet. "It is impregnated with some cursed poison, Jeremy. Ask Dr. Davesne! Let him examine the fan. If he recognizes the poison he can supply the antidote and cure your wife. As for Liung Weh"—

"But why—why should he attack Nell? Why not me—why"— stammered Jeremy excitedly.

"Liung Weh does not fight in the open, old man. He killed my wife, and it sent me home. He thought to do the same for you and would have done so in the end. Mary was taken ill in the same way, only, being of a weaker constitution, she succumbed to the poison at once. My advice to you, Jeremy, is to take Mrs. Hoffman home as soon as she is sufficiently recovered. Let your career go. You can find plenty to do at home. I will settle with Liung Weh. I will carry this mission through without one concession in his behalf."

"I will stand by you, Elwin, and together we will fight it out," declared Jeremy, clasping the other's hand.

"Nay," said Elwin; "love is greater than fame or revenge or the carriage of justice. Love is greater than all. Guard it carefully, Jeremy, and some day I will return to San Francisco and tell you how the romance of the mandarin's fan turned out to be a tragedy after all."

THE BEST ADVICE

anyone can give you is,

DON'T WORRY

about anything—avoid it by INVESTING in one of the POLICIES of the EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY of the United States.

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May Chadwick,
Smethport, Pa.

Spring Time

and early Summer our animals feel the need of something to tempt the appetite as well as human beings. If your horse is "off his feed" give him a nice mixture of Pratt's Food, or some of our clean, high grade oats, middlings or Blatchford's Calf Meal for calves and lambs.

F. H. Green.

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Go to Brasted's For CUT FLOWERS and POTTED PLANTS.

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Do you feel weak, tired, despondent, have frequent headaches, coated tongue, bitter or bad taste in morning, "heart-burn," belching of gas, acid risings in throat after eating, stomach gnaw or burn, foul breath, dizzy spells, poor or variable appetite, nausea at times and kindred symptoms?

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The "Golden Medical Discovery" is not a patent medicine or secret nostrum, a full list of its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper and attested under oath. A glance at these will show that it contains no alcohol, or harmful habit-forming drugs. *It is a fluid extract made with pure, triple-refined glycerine,* of proper strength, from the roots of native American medical forest plants. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE BIG STORE.

FOR HEAVY AND SHELF HARDWARE

A Full Line of Seasonable goods prices Right.

MEANS BROS'

Successors to JOHN C. HAMLIN.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, April 7, 1910.

Local and General.

—Fancy groceries are advertised by E. W. Brownell this week.

—Mrs. Frances Knapp has moved into Mrs. Margaret Knapp's house on King street.

—Misses Rachel and Stella Rubin entertained the Bridge Club last Thursday evening.

—Charles Sheldon of Ormsby has been setting out shade trees around town during the past week.

—Carl E. Fredell and Frances A. Rubick were united in marriage by Justice A. W. Colegrove last Friday.

—The joke smith who edits "Howls and Grins" in the Port Allegany Argus has certainly got a future before him.

—The Bridge Whist Club was entertained by Miss May Choate at her home on King street yesterday afternoon.

—Judge Bouton has purchased a new Maxwell touring car which is expected to arrive in town during the coming week.

—There will be no services at the Baptist church next Sunday, as the pastor will be absent at the annual session of conference.

—Charles D. Longfellow, an oil pioneer and well-known citizen of Bradford, died at the hospital in that place on Saturday, aged 76 years.

—A new cement sidewalk is being laid on the Franklin street side of St. Elizabeth's church property. Eagan, Harriman and Raymer are doing the work.

—The Travellers' Club wish to publicly acknowledge their indebtedness to all who took part in their recent successful entertainment, and to extend their hearty thanks to all those who assisted in any way.

—Major George H. Baldwin died at the Bradford hospital last Saturday, aged 76 years. He was a gallant soldier of the Civil War and his only surviving relative is a sister, Mrs. R. D. Stone of Bradford.

—Street Commissioner Cramsie had a force of men at work cleaning off the Main street pavement the forepart of the week. The job was a good one and the pavement is spotlessly clean from end to end and as a consequence looks fine. The work was done by sluicing the street by means of fire hose and the accumulation of dirt and rubbish shoveled up and wheeled away.

C. J. Vanblad

Practical Horseshoer.

We are pleasantly located on our new building on Water St., where we are prepared to do all kinds of

HORSESHOEING

and

BLACKSMITHING

in a satisfactory manner.

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER

$1.00 per year in advance.

It has been a pleasure to the many friends of J. C. Hamlin to see that estimable gentleman out driving with his brother, Hon. Henry Hamlin, several times these warm spring days. This has been a long winter for the "shut-ins."

—H. A. Hurd of Friendship on Monday sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, his farm of 83 acres on the West Notch road, 6 miles from Friendship, N. Y., to L. W. Green of Genesee, Pa., who will take possession soon.

—It is understood that Hon. R. W. Hilton, who recently purchased the Chas. Moore farm, located about three miles from this place, near Farmers Valley, intends to equip it for a first class stock farm during the coming summer.

—S. Platt Jones, character study man and entertainer, will be at Crosby April 13th. This is the last number of the course and given in place of the Powell lecture which could not be secured. Mr. Jones is an entertainer of high rank.

—The next regular meeting of the McKean County Publishers' Association will be held in Kane at the New Thompson House, next Monday morning. The members will be guests of R. K. Godding, of the Kane Republican, for dinner at the hotel.

—Mary, the six year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Nachuak of Mt. Alton died Friday afternoon at 2 o'clock, from the effects of burns. The child was playing about a bonfire in the dooryard Thursday afternoon and her clothing caught fire. Before her mother could reach her side, the child's clothing was almost completely burned away and death relieved her sufferings.

—An Erie saloon keeper had abolished treating in his place of business and hung a notice to that effect where it is conspicuous. He has taken this action of his own will. The time is coming when other saloon keepers will do the same because they will be forced to do it. Treating is the greatest evil of the business and ought to be abolished everywhere.—Kane Republican.

—Carl Youngberg, 11 years old, whose home is at No. 11 Dewey avenue, ran away from home on Saturday last and has not since been heard from. The lad is four feet, 11½ inches in height and when he left wore a brown, soft hat, white and black waist and blue trousers. He had on no coat. The police have been looking for the boy and can get no trace of him.—Bradford Era.

—Chas. Messler, the picture man, formerly of Smethport, but who has resided in Kane for some time past, has been committed to the State Hospital for the Insane at Warren. Messler was previously confined to this institution for some time and was released as cured. He has been showing unmistakable signs of radical mental derangement for some time past and it was finally decided that a change of scenery would do him good.

—As the result of a long standing family feud John Studd is suffering from 17 stab wounds and his brother-in-law, Frederick Patterson, is held by the police, at Salamanca, N. Y., pending the result of Studd's injuries. He has a chance for recovery unless blood poison or other complications set in. On Saturday Patterson's cattle strayed into a field on the Studd farm and the farmer's wife and daughter and dog were driving the livestock away when Patterson interfered. Studd then came to the scene and in the fight that followed Studd was cut with a jack knife.

—James Roznor, a bricklayer, died in the Bradford hospital Saturday night from the effects of morphine taken with suicidal intent. The deceased was 55 years of age, owned a farm at Willow Creek, this county, and had been working on a new building at Bradford for three weeks. On Saturday he was paid $75 from which he paid $15 for board, but when he reached the hospital he had only 25 cents in his possession. Relatives of the dead man allege that the circulation of stories that he was responsible for the death of Henry Stevens, an aged resident of Willow Creek, who was found dead from poison on the Reznor farm August 15, 1909, had driven Reznor to insanity and was the motive for his taking his own life. Last October he informed his wife that he could not endure the gossip and took a dose of poison, but his life was saved at that time by the prompt arrival of a physician.

SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails, which, says Moody's Magazine, it is probable has done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required *to pay the differences,* as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be *trading on a few points* margin in reality or, in fact, on no margin at all. He may be utterly penniless without the broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the *fact that* the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business deportment of his friend.

It is worth while observing (*and this* is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an unfrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss. If he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds, and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

Could Do For Herself.

She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and, as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously, but with some inward rebellion; for to a very old and close mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pucker of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:

"Two were blowin' at her nose,
And three were bucklin' at her shoon."

—Youth's Companion.

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W. L. Douglas shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world. Their excellent style, easy fitting and long wearing qualities excel those of other makes. If you have been paying high prices for your shoes, the next time you need a pair give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial. You can save money on your footwear and get shoes that are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you higher prices.

If you could visit our large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes.

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A PADEREWSKI STORY.

The Great Musician's First Important Engagement In Paris.

Paderewski's [illegible] important engagement was [illegible] Paris. He was engaged [illegible] ing room of [illegible] and his [illegible] to him [illegible] to [illegible] him [illegible] pawn and [illegible] and other [illegible] left for [illegible] walk to the [illegible].

The [illegible] required him. [illegible] and [illegible] of his [illegible] His [illegible] was instant and [illegible]. The poor player had suddenly become the hero of the hour; his dream had become a reality, and fame and fortune were his.

At last [illegible] from his [illegible] when his [illegible] forget the [illegible] marvelous [illegible] ing [illegible] Paderewski [illegible] In his [illegible] made [illegible] ing [illegible] homeward [illegible]

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¶ We offer all inducements practical with conservative banking.

He Wondered.

Indignant Customer—I want to return this jewel box. It's not ivory [illegible] Now [illegible] wonder if it can be possible this elephant had false teeth.—Cleveland Leader.

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I have a superb assortment of the choicest fruit this week.

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Dealer in fine Groceries, Fancy Fruits and Delicacies.

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Repairing a Specialty.

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McKean County Miner

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Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, April 7, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Sinnemahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,

Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

To The Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Congress in the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910. I make this announcement and enter the contest in compliance with the earnest requests of many prominent members of the party in the district and also because I believe that in Congress, if elected, I would be in a position to effectively advocate those principles and measures of good government, which now more than ever, should be embodied in Federal legislation. I believe in clean politics and progressive Roosevelt policies. And to the end that I may serve their best interests, I ask the support of the Republicans of this district.

Lewis Emery, Jr.

Bradford, Pa., March 15, 1910.

For Member of Assembly.

To the Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, June 4, 1910.

Robert P. Habgood.

Bradford, Pa., March 4, 1910.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for member of Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in June. [illegible]

[illegible]

Port Allegany, March 1, 1910.

Editor McKean County Miner: I hereby [illegible] candidate for the [illegible] Member of Assembly from McKean County, [illegible] the decision of the Republican [illegible] to be held June [illegible] 1910.

H. H. Redfield.

Smethport, Pa., [illegible] 1910.

To the Editor of The Miner: I hereby [illegible] candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean County, [illegible] of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910.

Samuel E. Bell.

A bill has [illegible] introduced in Congress [illegible] who killed [illegible] is still an officer [illegible] although he is [illegible] and this bill [illegible] embarrassing situations.

In this issue of The Miner will be found the announcement of Samuel E. Bell of this borough as a candidate for Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held on June 4, next. Mr. Bell is almost too well-known in this county to need any introduction to our readers. He has been a resident of this county nearly all his life. In his youth he was a telegraph operator. Later he was the successful candidate for Prothonotary for two successive times and since his retirement he has been a most successful oil operator, having valuable holdings in Illinois and Wyoming. Mr. Bell is an able, active and energetic young man who has always used his best efforts for the good of his party and he has many firm friends throughout the county who will use their best efforts to assist in his nomination and election.

H. H. Redfield of this borough announces his candidacy for Member of Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republicans at the primaries to be held June 4, next. Mr. Redfield is one of the substantial young business men of this county, who is highly respected for his honor and business integrity and ability by all who know him. He was born in Smethport about 34 years ago, received an excellent education and all his business ventures have been successful. He was in the hardware business here for a number of years, and after disposing of this business he became interested in the banking and oil business. He is the president of the Eldred National Bank, a director in the Hamlin Bank & Trust Co., and a director in one of the Bradford Banks, and he has valuable oil property in the Illinois field. He is an active, able and conservative young man who would make an excellent Representative and he has many friends in this section who are confident that he will be one of the members in the next House.

OTHER THINGS.

(Continued from Page 1.)

self but that has been temporarily the fate of many another who had opposed himself to the arrogant presumptions of those who assume a dignity that God has not even thought of bestowing.

As the instruction in the schools was elementary David's training was supplemented by a course under the guidance of his uncle who as we have said was a schoolmaster and a Baptist preacher. He was also an uncompromising dissenter and a thorough liberal. David no doubt heard both religion and politics freely discussed in his uncle's shop. According to the method of that time the uncle did not receive any salary for his preaching. This was true for the Baptists then. Richard Lloyd was able to read English and translate into Welsh as he read the papers for the people who came into his shop. It was a proud day when David was able to relieve him of this task. Richard was also a kind of poor man's lawyer. David thus heard all about oppression, excess, rents and he longed as a lad to be the champion of civil and religious rights.

As David grew up the question arose, as to what he should become. His uncle wanted him to be a physician, others thought he should enter the ministry and it was the ambition of the Welsh to have their sons either become a singer or a minister. It was out of the question for him to be a Baptist minister for he had neither a competency that he might live without salary nor had he a trade. A compromise was made on law. But to qualify for this profession in England requires a small fortune. Incredible as it may seem the uncle had saved $3,000 pegging shoes and he gave every dollar of this to George. Had it not been for the sacrifices of the man we should perhaps never have heard of David Lloyd George. It is no wonder that twenty-five years later David took this same uncle from the little Welsh village to live with him at No. 11, Downing Street, the very house where Gladstone lived as Prime Minister.

If there were time we might tell how uncle and nephew battled with French irregular verbs and syntax so that they could master the French terms in English law. But at 14 David passed his preliminary education in laws and was articled to a firm of lawyers in Portmadoc. At twenty-one he was qualified as solicitor but so poor was he that did not have the fifteen dollars with which to purchase certain accessories without which no man could practice in the English courts.

At the beginning of his career, he [illegible] record in defending some poachers and a [illegible] who desired to bury his dead in the village churchyard, but was not allowed to [illegible] was a zealous Baptist and he is a [illegible] liberal. He began at once to work for [illegible] and for temperance and other reforms. He fired all of Wales with his eloquence. He [illegible] party. The result was that the great land holders ceased to represent Wales at Westminster and the delegates almost to a man were Welshmen who could speak that language and defend their rights.

He made his first fight for parliament against the squire of the parish in which he had been reared in poverty. He was elected first by 18 majority, then by 196, and then by 296. In the House of Commons for two months he kept absolutely quiet while he learned the rules but he learned them so well that it is almost impossible to trap him in a parliamentary discussion. His first speech was an attack on Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain, both veteran debaters. He made a strong impression. The London papers characterized the speech as full of Celtic fire and sound argument. One of the leading dailies said it was frought with promise of a great career. Henry Irving heard it and said it was magnificent, and that this young fellow had a career before him. One of the Parliamentary correspondents said of the speech, "that it was logical in arrangement, complete in argument, earnest in spirit and literally corruscating in effective points."

Mr. George has an iron will, he is unswerving in what he regards as his duty. Though a radical liberal he never follows blindly even his own party, and he refused to follow his party in the Boer War question. When the question of Welsh Count Councils came up before the House he opposed Mr. Asquith the present minister and almost the whole Liberal party. To the party critics who opposed him he said, "To say that no member has a right to amend a bill which affects his constituency, is to reduce representation to a farce. I am not in the least unoblivious to party discipline, but surely a certain amount of independence is allowed to a member of Parliament; otherwise you may as well send up cast from automatic machines to perambulate the corridors of the House of Commons." But his strength was such that when Mr. George was made Chancellor of the Exchequer the London Times said, "No better man could have been found for the post, however free Mr. Asquith might have been in his choice."

Mr. George is a true friend of the common people, intent on their having their rights and fair play. This, why when the Lords and dukes and the conservatives sometime ago got up a war scare with Germany, he said that they should have their ships, but that they should themselves help pay for them. The trouble came when they were asked to contribute their part out of the taxes imposed upon their great estates." Mr. George put the thing very well when he said facetiously the other day that the budget had given work to the unemployed for the dukes and lords had never worked so hard before as they had in opposing this measure which came more nearly placing a proper taxation upon them. The spirit of the man is seen in what he said recently, "One man labors and yet starves; another lounges and yet feasts. This cannot go on for ever. As sure as justice and mercy are eternal elements in the government of this world, that system which macadamizes the road to luxury for the few out of the hearts of the many is doomed."

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Good Shade Trees.

I will furnish shade trees of maple, mountain ash or elm at 75c and $1.00 each set in your lawn or yard. Write or call on

CHARLES SHELDON, Ormsby, Pa.

FOR SALE OR RENT—New eight roomed house, new barn, two acres land in Smethport Boro, fifteen minutes walk from court house. P. O. Box 241.

For Sale

The property on cor. of King and Washington Sts. will be sold right.

C. M. [illegible]

Wanted—A girl for general housework, no washing. Address Lock Box 196, Smethport, Pa.

Advertise in The Miner.

Subscribe for the Miner.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a registered student at the Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle, Pa., that he will on or before the 10th day of June, 1910, file his credentials with, and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners, to be examined by the said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1910, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and the several Courts of McKean County.

HORACE B. KING.

Applications for Bids for Painting County Bridges.

Notice is hereby given that sealed bids for the painting of the following bridges will be received by the Commissioners of McKean County until May 1st, 1910, at 2 o'clock p. m. at which time the same shall be opened and contract awarded.

Separate bids must be given for each bridge.

The kind of paint used shall be the G. and B. structural paint.

There shall be one coat placed upon each bridge, said coat to be put on when iron is dry.

All scales and rust shall be removed from the iron, and the iron thoroughly polished with steel brushes before the paint is applied.

Bids will be received for the painting of the following bridges:

Mechanic St. bridge, Smethport borough.

Burbank's bridge over Potato Creek at Burbank's Crossing.

Turtle Point bridge over Allegany River at Turtle Point.

River bridge over Allegany River in Eldred borough.

The commissioners reserve the right to reject any and all bids.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN F. DEVLIN,
Commissioners of McKean County.

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even out of your way to trade here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

SPRING

IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

E. W. STRONG

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Launderer who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best advertising he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, use their High Grade Work, which is [illegible] attractive to the one who [illegible]. Our work is the best that can be produced with [illegible]

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained.

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. G. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

Our April Real Estate List Tells all About

[illegible] making farms, varying in size from 10 to 400 acres, and in price from $400 to $20,000. Some of these farms have nice timber lots, some have stock and tools and some have free gas. All of them are for sale at low prices and many of them on very easy terms. Our April real estate lists also describes many desirable village and city properties, country stores, hotels, meat markets, drug stores and other profitable enterprises. If you want to engage in business of any kind you ought to first read our April real estate list, sent to any address on receipt of a two-cent stamp. If you want to sell any property you ought to enlist the services of this live agency. Our service is a service that sells.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.

We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

All the best Magazines and Periodicals at the

A. B. ARMSTRONG Drug Store.

Sole agent for Saturday Evening Post. Finest line of drugs, medicines, rubber goods, etc. in town.

Cigars, Candy, Toilet Articles.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books. Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. Frank Merriwill's Medal Library. Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

This is the day of small profits and large sales

This is the principal of the modern jewelry store. Yes, we are going to sell good jewelry at a small margin. We believe that jewelry can be sold on the same small margin of profit as other goods. We appeal to you for your jewelry business.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers
Successors to W. J. Kerr

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT
Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS
a specialty
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

50c TIES 50c

All Kinds and Colors
Four in hand and Bat Wings

SHIRTS

Coat Shirts with attached cuffs and Negligee with Soft Collars

CAPS

The new Shapes and Shades for Street and Auto Wear. A Good Line of Each at Fifty cents. Give us a look.

H. W. Rubin
50c SMETHPORT, PA. 50c

Picture of President Taft FREE

If you will send two cents in stamps, we will mail you a large reproduction in colors of a painting of President Taft (two-thirds of life size), suitable for framing and attractive for home or office.

We pay 4% Compound Interest on Savings Accounts of any size, and you can bank by mail. Interesting booklet free upon request.

THE COLONIAL TRUST COMPANY
(SAVINGS BANK)
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital and Surplus, 10 Million Dollars.

If You Have Five Hundred Dollars

You cannot do better than buy one of our popular Certificates of Deposit, because interest begins immediately and is mailed to you every six months, at the rate of 4 per annum, with no trouble whatever on your part. These interest payments will reach you as regularly as the time rolls round, and your principal is absolutely and unqualifiedly safe, protected by assets of more than SIXTEEN MILLION DOLLARS, besides the well known integrity of the officers and directors of this strong bank. Should you need money temporarily, these certificates will be accepted at their full value as collateral for loans.

Booklets telling you all about them will be mailed on receipt of your address on a postal card, and the request for information puts you under no obligation to the bank.

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH PA.
ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS
Write for Booklet C C.

EVERYTHING THE MARKET AFFORDS

In Fruits Vegetables and Fancy Groceries. Special attention give orders to Dinner Parties, etc.

F. W. BROWNELL,
SMETHPORT, -:- -:- -:- -:- PENNA.

Spring Offerings

in light, crisp and dainty rolls and breads, cakes, pies and Ladyfingers that will arouse your dormant appetite when it fails you you will find at Pickersgills. Our bakestuffs are renowned for high grade deliciousness and fine flavor and are poplar with the fastidious in Smethport.

John Pickersgil.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St F. H. Hungiville, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Company,

McCall's large Magazines for May are ready. Price 5c each.

THE STORE OF "PRINCESS MADE" SUITS

And all the New Ideas in LADIES HATS

For a number of years the ready-to-wear Gament Department of this Store has been recognized throughout this section as the headquarters for the best high-grade garments at the most reasonable prices.

Not only have we studied the Styles, **season after season**, as they made their appearance in the great fashion centers of the world; but we have also paid special attention to the requirements and tastes of discriminating women in order that we might supply them with styles best adapted to meet their requirements.

MODART CORSETS

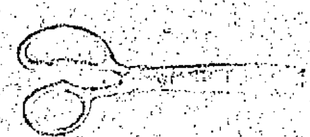
A Corset created by the world's most skillful designers to give its wearers Style, Grace, Comfort and Distinction.

A Corset of Perfect proportions, beautiful contour and made of best quality of materials.

A Corset to which you may be fitted at any time by visiting our Corset Department, 2nd Floor.

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.



CLAUSS

The world's favorite, always satisfactory and fully warranted for sale at.

—FOR SALE BY—

DALY & GARLICK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, April 7, 1910.

Local and General.

—Snow again.

—Planted your garden yet?

—Don't forget the pin sale.

—Read the advertisement of E. A. Green in this issue.

—The Elks fair is in full bloom in Bradford this week.

—One week from Friday the trout fishing season opens.

—Art embroideries are advertised by Fry & Comes this week.

—It is reported that a grange will be opened here this summer.

—See what H. C. Wells has to say in his advertisement this week.

—Claude Lyons is clerking in Wells' drug store outside of school hours.

—Two operas by local talent will be presented here in the near future.

—The country roads are said to be in excellent condition for this time of year.

—Painters are brightening the house of Melville Gillette by a coat of paint.

—The Smethport Rubber Co. is being crowded with orders at the present time.

—Dr. Chadwick will drive a new Maxwell touring car during the coming season.

—Smethport still holds the record for the large number of automobiles its residents possess.

—Mrs. Sidney Burdick entertained the Kensington Club at six o'clock dinner last evening.

—M. S. Geary has puachased a White steamer which is expected to arrive in a few days.

—W. S. Palmer, who has been confined to the bed with measles for the past two weeks, is canvalescing.

—Hon. R. W. Hilton has ordered a new Selden automobile which will arrive about the middle of the month.

—George Johnson, who has been employed as a tailor at the H. W. Rubin store, has taken a position in Warren.

—The Lindholm Company advertises ready-made garments for women and modart corsets in their space this week.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Guy H. McCoy on Friday, April 1, 1910, a boy.

—The building occupied by the Smethport Rubber Works on Fulton street has been treated to a coat of paint.

—There will be a clam chowder supper in the chapel of the Methodist church on Saturday, supper served from 5:30.

—Mr. and Mrs. Rex Stark have moved their household effects from the residence of Mrs. Margaret Knapp on King street to the house of Charles McVean on Hill street.

—The change in the weather this morning threatens to have a depressing effect on those gardens many of the confident ones have planted on the inspiration of the balmy weather along back.

—Fire started under the floor of the John Voorhees drug store at East Smethport Sunday. It was with some difficulty that the blaze was extinguished owning to its location. Little damage was done.

—A blaze was visible in the sky between this place and Port Allegany last Friday evening, but telephone calls to the vicinity where the blaze appeared to be located failed to reveal its location.

—On Thursday last a circular pin, oak leaves set with pearls, was lost by Mrs. W. A. Harris. The pin was worn to the High School and from there to the Lyceum. If found and returned the finder will be rewarded.

—Mr. David McCarty, who has been a resident of DuBois, has again cast his lot with us and will be found at the old stand ready to do anything desired in the tonsorial line. Mr. McCarty took up his duties Monday.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

—A large force of men have been fighting fire in this section during the past two weeks. The fires have been kept under control and from doing much damage by the fighting force, their work having been considerably assisted by the rains this week.

—There will be the regular services at the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Epworth League at 6:45 p. m. and Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. The Epworth League will be in charge of S. L. Fry and the topic will be "Monday, the Second Day of the Passion Week."

—About 20 skilled workmen are now employed at the Case Cutlery plant in this borough. More workmen are being put to work right along and many of the men are moving their families here. From present indications this concern is going to be one of the town's most thriving industries.

—Byron Badger of East street has been confined to his home during the past week, suffering from acute indigestion. Mr. Badger was taken suddenly and violently ill Sunday afternoon and Drs. Hamilton and Chadwick were summoned. The patient is slowly improving from his illness.

—The Smethport Window Glass factory resumed operations the latter part of last week, after a shut-down of several days for the purpose of setting "blocks." Some beautiful glass is being manufactured at this plant at the present time and it is the intention of the management to run this industry all summer.

—Postmaster Gallup has installed a number of new combination lock boxes at the postoffice. These boxes are a considerable improvement over the previous ones as it is not necessary to turn off the combination after opening them, as was formerly the case, this being done automatically when the box is closed.

—Miss Lizzie Reed, daughter of one of the most prominent families of Clearfield, Pa., at 8 o'clock Monday morning went to the woodshed of the home, saturated her clothes with coal oil and, setting herself on fire, burned to death. The body was unrecognizable. On account of illness she was to have been taken to Clifton Springs.

—It is understood that the wearing of virtue in the heel and the heart on the sleeve is becoming quite a fad in this section from sources least to be expected. It is also said that someone is going to get "shooted." Some close escapes are already reported. There is at least material for a long and interesting [illegible] should some of the affairs come up for airing.

—Tomorrow there will be a District Convention for Sunday School workers in the Methodist Episcopal church. Sessions will be held at 2 p. m. and at 8 p. m. Mr. Howard [illegible] of Erie will be present and [illegible] at both sessions [illegible] All Sunday school workers are invited to attend.

—A [illegible] novel way of announcing [illegible] engagement [illegible] people at Union City a few days ago. The hostess' friend brought an embroidered bag into the room where all were assembled, and one of the party opened it. A kitten jumped out and when it was captured a note was found tied to the cat's neck. This note was read, announcing the engagement of the daughter of the house. So the guests discovered a new way of "letting the cat out of the bag."

—The regular Lemon Club dance was held last Thursday evening at the Lyceum and was one of the most successful social events ever held in Smethport. About 60 couples were in attendance. Chadwick's orchestra furnished the inspiration for the occasion. Carnations were given out as favors to those present. One of the surprises sprung during the evening was, when during the progress of a dance 2,000 small rools of vari-colored paper in tiny strips were thrown at a given signal from the gallery. Wires had been stretched acrross the auditorium and as the rolls unfurled they caught on these and dangled down amongst the dancers. Fine refreshments were served. The committee in charge were: Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Purtle, Mr. and Mrs. John Saulpaugh and Mr. Claire Van Dusen and Miss Laura Hewitt.

—Sylvester Burke, who shot and killed W. E. Champlin near Glen Hazel, Friday night, was taken to Ridgway Saturday evening and lodged in jail. There was no eye-witness to the killing but the story told by Burke is generally believed. The dead man is supposed to have originally come from Buffalo or vicinity. It is said that he has a brother in Buffalo, who is a physician, and the county commissioners have been trying to get in communication with him, but thus far without success. Champlin had been in the vicinity of Ridgway for some ten or twelve years past and bore a hard reputation. He was about 52 years old. Burke, on the other hand, had been regarded as quiet and inoffensive and public sympathy seems to be with him. The coroner's jury heard the evidence and rendered a verdict to the effect that he came to his death by a gunshot wound caused by Burke. Self-defense will be the latter's plea.—Kane Republican.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

PERSONAL MENTION.

C. H. Dickinson is visiting friends in Canada.

Emil Thatum was in Clermont on business Monday.

Mrs. Charles McKan was a Buffalo visitor this week.

Hon. R. W. Hilton was a Pittsburg visitor last Saturday.

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont is a guest of friends in town.

Fred Brennan of James City was a Smethport visitor Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Cory of Coryville were in town Friday.

Euchlius Richards of Buffalo is visiting Allen Hatch of this place.

W. D. Camp of Mt. Vernon, Ohio, is visiting friends in town this week.

Miss Myra Cory of Mt. Jewett attended the contest Friday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gleason left this morning for a visit in Philadelphia.

Charles McGowan left on Tuesday for Oklahoma where he expects to work.

Mrs. George Garlick is the guest of her son, B. T. Garlick of East Main street.

Glen Farr of Indiana, Pa., is the guest of his aunt, Mrs. J. F. Eberspatcher.

Miss Margaret Tuby of Eldred was visiting friends in town Friday and Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. E. Brawn and son, Clark, returned home Monday from Mt. Jewett.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Clayton Backus came home Sunday in their new Cadillac touring car.

Miss Blanche Hartnett of Farmers Valley was calling on friends in town Thursday evening.

Miss Mary Conwell of Simpson was the guest of friends in this place Friday and Saturday.

Harvey L. Keller, Adam Rector and Frank Baker were business visitors in Olean last Thursday.

[illegible] returned Monday from a week's visit with friends in Salamanca, N. Y.

Rev. E. B. Williams of Rochester, N. Y. is visiting friends and old acquaintances in town this week.

Mrs. Sarah Blake of Eldred was visiting at the home of her daughter, Mrs. J. Clayton Backus, this week.

Miss Mary [illegible] and Miss Rita [illegible] of Farmers Valley were guests of Mrs. W. B. Hepner Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. [illegible], daughter Crystal, and son [illegible] returned [illegible]

Misses Ruth [illegible] and Zola [illegible] where they will resume their studies.

Mrs. [illegible] and daughter Margaret were guests of Mr. and Mrs. James McGowan Friday and Saturday.

Dr. J. H. Robinson has returned to his home on Long Island. He has spent the winter months acting as collector for J. C. Hamlin.

Mr. and Mrs. James McKean, Mrs. Elizabeth Gallup and Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Gallup, daughter, Margaret, and son, William returned Friday evening from DeLand, Florida, where they have been for the past six weeks.

Hon. and Mrs. Joseph W. Bouton returned home from New York Tuesday, where Mrs. Bouton landed several days ago after a several weeks' trip to various Mediterranean ports, in company with her brother, Dr. Henry Eastman of Jamestown, N. Y. She was met in New York by Mr. Bouton, who went to that city last week.

Hand Painted Pin Sale.

Tuesday and Wednesday of next week I will put on special sale the most complete one of beautiful Hand Painted Pins ever displayed in town, including Brooches, Shirt Waist sets, Bar Pins, Crescents, Veil Pins, Baby Pins, Hat Pins, etc., must be seen to be appreciated. Call early and bring your friends. New China received.

MOLLIE E. PIERCE.

WM. MONHEIMER.

IT WOULD TURN

YOUR HEAD

to see your feet arrayed in all the NEW STYLES of

Walk Over Shoes

we are now selling.

Four Different Toe Shapes in GRAY, Tan, Gun Metal and and Potent Colt. Your size is here in every shape and leather—from

$3.50 to $5.00

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns.

Fry & Comes.

Monarch Shirts.

ART EMBROIDERIES

Royal Society Packages **Brainerd & Armstrong Co. Packages**

We place on sale this week an Exceptional lot of Art Embroidery Packages.

This lot was shipped to us for special sale as an advertising proposition which will explain the unusual quantity and large variety.

The packages are all complete containing sufficient floss to finish the article with instructions and diagrams and with Waists and Dressing Sacques a paper pattern is included.

There's about Five Hundred Packages in the lot. Space permits the mention of but a few. Waists, Sacques, Night Gowns, Corset Covers, Aprons, Pillow Tops, Scarfs, Work Bags, Center Pieces, Infant's Wear, etc. Price per packet 25c to $1.50.

FRY & COMES.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

BUFFALO'S CLASSIC INDOOR EXHIBITION

THE THIRD ANNUAL BUFFALO

POWER BOAT AND SPORTSMEN'S SHOW

AUSPICES BUFFALO LAUNCH CLUB

FEATURES—Elaborate and costly oriental decorations with appropriate illumination, giving the effect of a smiling Japanese garden.

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SPRINGTIME A LA CARTE.

Fond Hearts United Through a Dish of Dandelion Greens.

By O. HENRY.

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It was a day in March.

Never, never begin a story this way when you write one. No opening could possibly be worse. It is unimaginative, flat, dry and likely to consist of mere wind. But in this instance it is allowable, for the following paragraph, which should have inaugurated the narrative, is too wildly extravagant and preposterous to be flaunted in the face of the reader without preparation.

Sarah was crying over her bill of fare.

Think of a New York girl shedding tears on the menu card!

To account for this you will be allowed to guess that the lobsters were all out, or that she had sworn ice cream off during Lent, or that she had ordered onions, or that she had just come from a Hackett matinee. And then, all these theories being wrong, you will please let the story proceed.

The gentleman who announced that the world was an oyster which he with his sword would open made a larger hit than he deserved. It is not difficult to open an oyster with a sword. But did you ever notice any one try to open the terrestrial bivalve with a typewriter? Like to wait for a dozen raw opened that way?

Sarah had managed to pry apart the shells with her unhandy weapon far enough to nibble a wee bit at the cold and clammy world within. She knew no more shorthand than if she had been a graduate in stenography just let slip upon the world by a business college. So, not being able to stenog, she could not enter that bright galaxy of office talent. She was a free lance typewriter and canvassed for odd jobs of copying.

The most brilliant and crowning feat of Sarah's battle with the world was the deal she made with Schulenberg's home restaurant. The restaurant was next door to the old red brick in which she hall roomed. One evening after dining at Schulenberg's forty cent five course table d'hote (served as fast as you throw the five baseballs at the colored gentleman's head) Sarah took away with her the bill of fare. It was written in an almost unreadable script, neither English nor German, and so arranged that if you were not careful you began with a toothpick and rice pudding and ended with soup and the day of the week.

The next day Sarah showed Schulenberg a neat card on which the menu was beautifully typewritten, with the viands temptingly marshaled under their right and proper heads, from "hors d'oeuvre" to "not responsible for overcoats and umbrellas."

Schulenberg became a naturalized citizen on the spot. Before Sarah left him she had him willingly committed to an agreement. She was to furnish typewritten bills of fare for the twenty-one tables in the restaurant, a new bill for each day's dinner and new ones for breakfast and lunch as often as changes occurred in the food or as neatness required.

SCHULENBERG BECAME A NATURALIZED CITIZEN ON THE SPOT.

In return for this Schulenberg was to send three meals per diem to Sarah's hall room by a waiter—an obsequious one if possible—and furnish her each afternoon with a pencil draft of what fate had in store for Schulenberg's customers on the morrow.

Mutual satisfaction resulted from the agreement. Schulenberg's patrons now knew what the food they ate was called even if its nature sometimes puzzled them. And Sarah had food during a cold, dull winter, which was the main thing with her.

And then the almanac lied and said that spring had come. Spring comes when it comes. The frozen snows of January still lay like adamant in the crosstown streets. The hand organs still played "In the Good Old Summer Time" with their December vivacity and expression. Men began to make thirty day notes to buy Easter dresses. Janitors shut off steam. And when these things happen one may know that the city is still in the clutches of winter.

One afternoon Sarah shivered in her elegant hall bedroom, "house heated, scrupulously clean, conveniences, soon to be appreciated." She had no work to do except Schulenberg's menu cards. Sarah sat in her squeaky willow rocker and looked out the window. The calendar on the wall kept crying to her: "Springtime is here, Sarah; springtime is here, I tell you! Look at me, Sarah! My figures show it! You've got a neat figure yourself, Sarah—a nice springtime figure! Why do you look out the window so sadly?"

Sarah's room was at the back of the house. Looking out the window she could see the windowless rear brick wall of the box factory on the next street. But the wall was clearest crystal, and Sarah was looking down a grassy lane shaded with cherry trees and elms and bordered with raspberry bushes and Cherokee roses.

Spring's real harbingers are too subtle for the eye and ear. Some must have the flowering crocus, the wood starring dogwood, the voice of bluebird, even so gross a reminder as the farewell handshake of the retiring buckwheat and oyster, before they can welcome the lady in green to their dull bosoms. But to old earth's choicest kin there come straight, sweet messages from his newest bride, telling them they shall be no stepchildren unless they choose to be.

On the previous summer Sarah had gone into the country and loved a farmer.

(In writing your story never hark back thus. It is bad art and cripples interest. Let it march, march.)

Sarah stayed two weeks at Sunnybrook farm. There she learned to love old Farmer Franklin's son Walter. Farmers have been loved and wedded and turned out to grass in less time. But young Walter Franklin was a modern agriculturist. He had a telephone in his cow house, and he could figure up exactly what effect next year's Canada wheat crop would have on potatoes planted in the dark of the moon.

It was in this shaded and raspberried lane that Walter had wooed and won her. And together they had sat and woven a crown of dandelions for her hair. He had immoderately praised the effect of the yellow blossoms against her brown tresses, and she had left the chaplet there and walked back to the house swinging her straw sailor in her hand.

They were to marry in the spring—at the very first sign of spring, Walter said. And Sarah came back to the city to pound her typewriter.

A knock at the door dispelled Sarah's visions of that happy day. A waiter had brought the rough pencil draft of the home restaurant's next day fare in old Schulenberg's angular hand.

Sarah sat down to her typewriter and slipped a card between the rollers. She was a nimble worker. Generally in an hour and a half the twenty-one menu cards were written and ready.

Today there were more changes on the bill of fare than usual. The soups were lighter; pork was eliminated from the entrees, figuring only with Russian turnips among the roasts. The gracious spirit of spring pervaded the entire menu. Lamb, that lately capered on the greening hillsides, was becomingly exploited with the sauce that commemorated its gambols. The song of the oyster, though not silenced, was diminuendo con amore. The frying pan seemed to be held inactive behind the beneficent bars of the broiler. The pie list swelled; the richer puddings had vanished; the sausage, with his drapery wrapped about him, barely lingered in a pleasant thanatopsis with the buckwheats and the sweet but doomed maple.

Sarah's fingers danced like midgets above a summer stream. Down through the courses she worked, giving each item its position according to its length with an accurate eye.

Just above the desserts came the list of vegetables—carrots and peas, asparagus on toast, the perennial tomatoes and corn and succotash, lima beans, cabbage—and then—

Sarah was crying over her bill of fare. Tears from the depths of some divine despair rose in her heart and gathered to her eyes. Down went her head on the little typewriter stand, and the keyboard rattled a dry accompaniment to her moist sobs.

For she had received no letter from Walter in two weeks, and the next item on the bill of fare was dandelions—dandelions with some kind of egg. But bother the egg! Dandelions, with whose golden blooms Walter had crowned her his queen of love and future bride; dandelions, the harbingers of spring, her sorrow's crown of sorrow, reminder of her happiest days!

Madam, I dare you to smile until you suffer this test: Let the Marechal Niel roses that Percy brought you on the night you gave him your heart be served as a salad with French dressing before your eyes at a Schulenberg table d'hote. Had Juliet so seen her love tokens dishonored the sooner would she have sought the lethean herbs of the good apothecary.

But what a witch is spring! Into the great cold city of stone and iron a message had to be sent. There was none to convey it but the little hardy courier of the fields with his rough green coat and modest air. He is a true soldier of fortune, this dent-de-lion—this lion's tooth, as the French chefs call him. Flowered he will assist at lovemaking wreathed in my lady's nut brown hair; young and callow and unblossomed, he goes into the boiling pot and delivers the word of his sovereign mistress.

By and by Sarah forced back her tears. The cards must be written. But still in a faint, golden glow from her dandeleonine dream she fingered the typewriter keys absently for a little while, with her mind and heart in the meadow lane with her young farmer. But soon she came swiftly back to the rockbound lanes of Manhattan, and the typewriter began to rattle and jump like a strike breaker's motor car.

At 6 o'clock the waiter brought her dinner and carried away the typewritten bill of fare. When Sarah ate she set aside, with a sigh, the dish of dandelions with its crowning ovarious accompaniment. As this dark mass had been transformed from a bright and love indorsed flower to be an ignominious vegetable, so had her summer hopes wilted and perished. Love may, as Shakespeare said, feed on itself, but Sarah could not bring herself to eat the dandelions that had graced as ornaments the first spiritual banquet of her heart's true affection.

At 7:30 the couple in the next room began to quarrel. The man in the room above sought for A on his flute. The gas went a little lower. Three coal wagons started to unload, the only sound of which the phonograph is jealous. Cats on the back fences slowly retreated toward Mukden. By these signs Sarah knew that it was time for her to read. She got out "The Cloister and the Hearth," the best nonselling book of the month, settled her feet on her trunk and began to wander with Gerard.

REAPED AND GARNERED HER.

The front door bell rang. The landlady answered it. Sarah left Gerard and Denys treed by a bear and listened. Oh, yes; you would! Just as she did!

And then a strong voice was heard in the hall below, and Sarah jumped for her door, leaving the book on the floor and the first round easily the bear's.

You have guessed it. She reached the top of the stairs just as her farmer came up three at a jump and reaped and garnered her, with nothing left for the gleaners.

"Why haven't you written—oh, why?" cried Sarah.

"New York is a pretty large town," said Walter Franklin. "I came in a week ago to your old address. I found that you went away on a Thursday. That consoled some; it eliminated the possible Friday bad luck. But it didn't prevent my hunting for you with police and otherwise ever since."

"I wrote!" said Sarah vehemently.

"Never got it!"

"Then how did you find me?"

The young farmer smiled a springtime smile.

"I dropped into that Home restaurant next door this evening," said he. "I don't care who knows it; I like a dish of some kind of greens at this time of the year. I ran my eye down that nice typewritten bill of fare looking for something in that line. When I got below cabbage I turned my chair over and hollered for the proprietor. He told me where you lived."

"I remember," sighed Sarah happily. "That was dandelions below cabbage."

"I'd know that cranky capital W 'way above the line that your typewriter makes anywhere in the world," said Franklin.

"Why, there's no W in dandelions," said Sarah in surprise.

The young man drew the bill of fare from his pocket and pointed to a line.

Sarah recognized the first card she had typewritten that afternoon. There was still the rayed splotch in the upper right hand corner where a tear had fallen. But over the spot where one should have read the name of the meadow plant the clinging memory of their golden blossoms had allowed her fingers to strike strange keys.

Between the red cabbage and the stuffed green peppers was the item:

"DEAREST WALTER, WITH HARD BOILED EGG."

Jefferson as an Inventor.

Mr. Jefferson invented the copying press. He writes to Mr. Madison in 1787: "Having a great desire to have a portable copying machine and having studied over some experiments with the principle of large machines made to apply in the smaller one, I planned one in England and had it made. It answers perfectly. I have set a workman to making them, and they are of such demand that he has his hands full. I send you one. You must expect to make many essays before you succeed perfectly. A soft brush, like a shaving brush, is more successful than a sponge." He also sent a copying press to the Marquis de Lafayette as a present. He invented the revolving chair, now a familiar and necessary article of furniture in all offices and counting rooms. The Federalist newspapers used to call it "Mr. Jefferson's whirligig" and declared that he had devised it "so as to look all ways at once."

Just Like a Woman.

A Boston physician was describing a week's drive that he took last fall through some of the most picturesque districts of New England.

"I saw much that was memorable and heard much that was worth remembering on this quiet, bucolic excursion.

"I remember an elderly justice of the peace in a beautiful New Hampshire village near Lake Sunapee. I stayed there all night with this fine, keen, old man. He amused me and impressed me with his mordant humor.

"During the evening the question of the unreasonableness of womankind came up for discussion. 'Ah,' said the old justice, 'woman is unreasonable, very unreasonable indeed. In fact, there is no living creature so unreasonable as woman. I remember that my wife and I were talking over our affairs one day, and we agreed that it had come to the point where we must both economize.

"'Yes, my dear,' I said to my wife, 'we must both economize—both!'

"'Very well, Henry,' she said with a tired air of submission to an unpleasant condition, 'you shave yourself, and I'll cut your hair.'"—Boston Post.

Hymnological Ineptitude.

The story of a minister who held a religious meeting in a penitentiary and aroused the ire of the inmates by announcing as a hymn that one beginning "The dying thief rejoiced to see" is equaled by the tale of a local preacher whose church got in debt not long ago. A congregational meeting was held for the purpose of extricating it, and the chairman of the board of deacons, or whatever the financial body was, got up and stated the situation and ended by calling for a special collection to make up the deficit.

"I suggest that we sing a hymn," one of the members of the church suggested.

This idea was carried out, and the number of the song was announced. A smile overspread many faces, however, when they reached the line, "When we asunder part it gives us inward pain."

Nevertheless the "sundering" process was most successful and wasn't particularly painful either.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Tailed Englishmen.

Natives of southern Arabia believe that Christians wear hats only to hide their horns. Formerly the continent of Europe clung to the conviction that the Englishman's nether garments concealed a tail. So late as the reign of Edward VI., according to Hale, "an Englyshman cannot travayle in another land by way of marchaundyse or any other honest occupyinge, but it is most contumeliously thrown into his teethe that all Englyshmen have tails." The belief probably arose from the legend of the "Kentish Longtails." The people of either Canterbury or Strood (for the legend varies) mocked at Becket as he rode by on an ass and cut off the ass' tail. Wherefore they and their descendants were cursed with tails thenceforth. At least so said jesters of other countries, and the slander eventually reacted upon England in general. Another version substitutes St. Augustine and Dorsetshire.

Cold as a Cure.

Cold of a certain intensity produces not only hunger, but, as it has been proved, health as well. Raoul Pictet, the famous Swiss chemist, was making experiments on a degree of cold considerably lower than any which occurs naturally, and he found that at temperatures between 110 and 150 below zero no covering of any kind would keep cold out, or, more exactly, would keep warmth in. There is nothing surprising about that. The surprise is in the result. M. Pictet is a gentleman who has suffered greatly from indigestion. After an exposure of several minutes to the cold which he had produced he experienced a sensation of hunger which he has described as ravenous. When he had eaten he experienced none of the tortures of his ailment, and when he had alternately frozen and eaten three or four times he found himself entirely cured.—London Telegraph.

The Gallant Cabman.

Nothing perhaps produces quite so much wit from a cabman as a sense of being underpaid, which in most cases means that he has been justly paid. A lady who had been guilty of this kind of justice experienced the usual sense of discomfort when her driver straightened the palm into which she had just dropped her shilling and looked at her speechlessly. She was weakly about to add another sixpence when the cabby's sense of humor prevailed. He transferred the shilling to his pocket and smiled sweetly down at his embarrassed fare. "Course, missy," he remarked, "there was the pleasure o' drivin' you!"—London Chronicle.

Arundel Castle.

The most singular circumstance about Arundel castle is that its owner, by mere right of ownership, is Earl of Arundel in the peerage of England. It is believed that there is no similar example of a peerage held on such conditions. Apparently there would be no legal obstacle, were the house of Howard to fall upon evil days and the castle be sold to some millionaire, to prevent the millionaire taking his seat in the house of lords as Earl of Arundel.—London Standard.

A Reflection on Him.

"Quarreled on their wedding day? Dreadful! And what about?"

"The bride's girl friends cried too vociferously to suit the bridegroom."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

To be vain of one's rank or place is to show that one is below it.—Stanislaus.

Honor In Wall Street.

One would hardly consider the New York Stock Exchange exactly in the light of "a communion of saints." Indeed, to judge by much that appears in the daily papers and the muck raking magazines, this might be the last place to look for the very soul and spirit of integrity. But there it is "in the midst of them." Between members of that marble mansion of trade in securities on New York's famous Broad street no paper writing passes certifying to the binding obligation of a transaction. In the very fiercest rush and maddest vortex of the wild corner a word, a nod, the merest sign, simply suffices. Whatever it may lead to—irreparable loss, ruin, bankruptcy, no matter—the deal is closed. I am not professing to be an apologist for whatever crimes may be committed in the name of honor. I simply record the fact, to be easily verified, that the dealings on that exchange are "on honor." The Corinthian fairness of its pillared and entablatured front is not shamed by the constant and consistent uprightness of the traffic within.—Christian Register.

A Tragedy In Writing.

Illegible handwriting, which has given rise to so many comedies, led to a tragedy in the case of Bacher, a musical enthusiast of the last century who devoted several years to the composition of a history of Viennese music. His task finished, he submitted the manuscript to the Austrian imperial academy, which he had been led to believe would defray the cost of its publication. After three months his manuscript was returned. Despite their best efforts the members had been unable to decipher it. Bacher then endeavored to have his work copied, but every professional copyist who undertook the task had to confess himself baffled. He thereupon attempted dictating the work, only to find that even he could not decipher it, and, heartbroken at the discovery that his years of toil had proved fruitless, he attempted suicide and finished his days in a lunatic asylum.

Her Cab.

Mary Ann of Lancaster Gate, basement, was having a week off and had arrived back at her little native village in all her metropolitan paint and feathers.

It was a very little native village, and Mary Ann, after her many months' service in town, didn't think so very much of it. Even James, the station porter and her old sweetheart, seemed hopelessly insignificant, and instead of staggering him with the kiss that he expected she looked him up and down, comparing him with a certain gentleman whose acquaintance she had recently made and who wore plush breeches and silk stockings.

"Porter," she said grandly, "do you know if there is a cab here to convey me and my luggage home?"

"Well, I don't know about a cab," responded the staggered yokel, "but there's yer mother outside wi' a barrer!"—London Scraps.

A Strong Prescription.

Menelik, emperor of Abyssinia, often dabbles in medicine. Some years ago Mme. Stevenin, the wife of a prominent member of the French colony at Addis Abeba, was laid up with fever. Menelik inquired what treatment she was undergoing and expressed disapproval when he learned that she was being dosed with quinine. The following day a messenger called with a large jar of very rancid butter, accompanied by a letter from one of the emperor's secretaries stating that his royal master hoped that madame would take three glasses daily of the butter sent, which had been stored for two years and would be found an infallible remedy. The present was gratefully acknowledged and promptly buried, and when madame recovered Menelik took to himself the credit of her cure.

Effects of Drugs.

Persons employed in india rubber factories sometimes inhale bisulphide of carbon and suffer from frightful dreams of being murdered or of falling over precipices. Opium stimulates imagination; alcohol in excess excites dread and suspicion; hasheesh, from which the word assassin was derived, produces homicidal mania. These drugs have a distinct effect upon the moral sense. Sometimes, as from alcohol, a coarse and stupid brutality is stimulated; or, as from morphia, a gloomy and morose temper, or, as from cocaine, while the manner remains gentle, the victim develops thieving and lying habits.

Blind Justice.

We meet our philosophical friend and observe that he is smiling contentedly.

"What has gone wrong now?" we ask.

"Nothing has gone wrong," he explains. "Something went right. Spriggans owed Hennett $10,000 and put his property in his wife's name, so that Hennett couldn't collect."

"But that isn't anything unusual."

"And last night Mrs. Spriggans eloped with Hennett!"—Life.

Uncertainty.

"I am always horribly nervous when I buy a suit of clothes from a strange tailor."

"Yes; a person you don't know is hard to stand off."—Houston Post.

A Leading Part.

"My brother has a leading part in that drama."

"What part?"

"He leads a horse across the stage in the last act."

Some people are born foolish, some acquire foolishness and others thrust their foolishness upon us.—Philadelphia Ledger.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheatz.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

District and County.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Sinnemahoning.
State Senator—Frank E. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport, H. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Searsky, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank B. Foster, Smethport.
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Commissioners' Clerk—A. E. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—H. M. Adsit, Bradford; W. O. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. R. Anderson, Clermont; A. E. Cory, Coryville.
Coroner—E. H. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
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Justices—B. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Fouts.
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Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—O. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Corwin, W. E. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—B. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m., at Masonic Hall, Main street.

CHARLES W. MASSER, W. M.
W. I. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WADE BURDICK, N. G.
W. O. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 28, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.

EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
LETTIE COLEGROVE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

W. H. HOPPER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:30 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 3 p. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport, Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Dugan, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. E. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

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Why Bunnies Bring The Easter Eggs

There was once a naughty bunny
Who was always being funny
And kept the land about him in a constant state of awe.
His father and his mother
These pranks would try to cover
To keep him out of prison and the clutches of the law.

On one morning bright and early,
When the cops were getting surly,
He started to discover what sad mischief he could do.
Soon he saw a blackbird's nest,
And he could not eat or rest
Until he'd dyed the eggs therein a lovely dark sea blue.

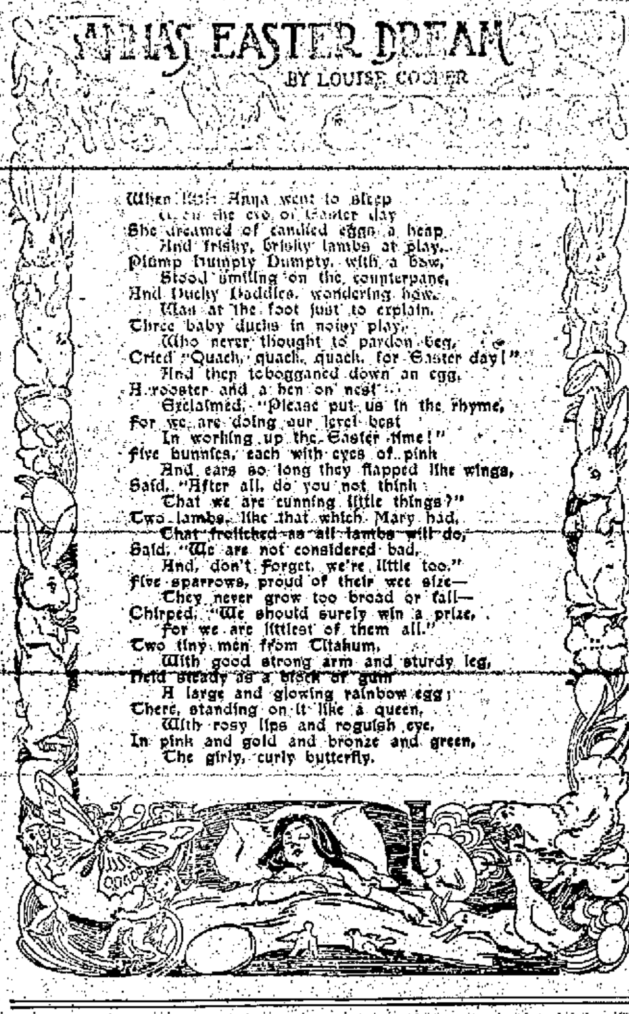
He was so pleased at his joking
That he said, "I'll round go poking
And ask my little bunny friends to help me gather more."
So they stole birds' eggs galore
And put them by, in store,
Till all the nests were empty and the birds were threatening gore.

Then a burly bunny "copper"
Said he'd quickly put a stopper
To such dire depredations as were never heard before.
So, much rather than get caught,
These bold robbers straightway sought
A man who took the eggs to town and sold them in a store.

Now, this raised an awful clatter,
All their kin began to chatter
And said to steal such pretty eggs a great and mighty sin,
But the bandits made it seem
There was money in the scheme.
So for wealth and sordid profit all rabbits now join in.

So all this explains the habit
Why eggs are brought by a rabbit
And given little boys and girls on Easter every year.
And the lesson seems to show
It was all a case of "dough,"
Yet eggs and little bunnies white have found their proper sphere.

—New York Herald.



ANNA'S EASTER DREAM

BY LOUISE COOPER

When little Anna went to sleep
Upon the eve of Easter day
She dreamed of candied eggs a heap
And frisky, frisky lambs at play.
Plump Humpty Dumpty, with a bow,
Stood smiling on the counterpane,
And Ducky Daddles, wondering how,
Ran at the foot just to explain.
Three baby ducks in noisy play,
Who never thought to pardon beg,
Cried "Quack, quack, quack, for Easter day!"
And then tobogganed down an egg.
A rooster and a hen on nest
Exclaimed, "Please put us in the rhyme,
For we are doing our level best
In working up the Easter time!"
Five bunnies, each with eyes of pink
And ears so long they flapped like wings,
Said, "After all, do you not think
That we are cunning little things?"
Two lambs, like that which Mary had,
That frolicked as all lambs will do,
Said, "We are not considered bad,
And, don't forget, we're little too."
Five sparrows, proud of their wee size—
They never grow too broad or tall—
Chirped, "We should surely win a prize,
For we are littlest of them all."
Two tiny men from Titahum,
With good strong arm and sturdy leg,
Held steady as a block of gum
A large and glowing rainbow egg;
There, standing on it like a queen,
With rosy lips and roguish eye,
In pink and gold and bronze and green,
The girly, curly butterfly.

EASTERTIDE GIFTS.

Some Things to Be Given During the Joyful Season.

The exchange of gifts at Eastertide has become an established custom. Here is a list of inexpensive trifles, most of which have the merit of being either appropriate to the season or extremely simple in design and character:

A white prayer book.

Any daintily bound book of poems.

A pot of blooming flowers.

An individual saltcellar in the form of a silver egg.

A photograph of any of the famous Madonnas simply framed.

A china fernery filled with ferns for the Easter morning breakfast table.

A dainty bit of neckwear for each of the girls of the family.

A white silk Ascot tie for each of the boys of the family.

A light pair of kid gloves for mother to wear to church.

A bonbonniere in the form of an Easter egg for each of the little folks.

A basket of new laid eggs from the country cousin to the city cousin.

A basket of chocolate and sugar eggs from the city cousin to the country cousin.

A bit of silver for one's toilet table.

A bottle of fine extract or cologne.

FIRST COLORED EGGS.

How and Where This Charming Custom Originated.

During the crusades a lady living in a castle along the line of march received some chickens from a man returning from the east. They were a great curiosity and highly prized by their gentle owner.

The men of her family were crusaders, and their absence was taken advantage of by some lawless neighbors, who commanded her to abandon her home and seek refuge in the Black forest. There she received protection and kind treatment and lived several years among very poor peasants. She had taken her chickens with her and took great pleasure in giving their eggs to her poor neighbors.

She was particularly interested in the children and devoted considerable time to their instruction. She made a rule to give a present to each child at Easter, but each year she had fewer possessions.

This necessity suggested to her the novel idea of decorating some eggs with bright colors, and to make them still more interesting she concealed them among the dry leaves in the forest. The children were sent to hunt them and were greatly astonished and delighted to find the colored eggs.

Glassware and Hardware.

On occasions of impending danger people sometimes do what seems to them most absurd at other moments. When the steamship America, which carried one of the Ziegler exploring expeditions to Franz Josef Land in 1903, was being crushed by ice the following winter it became necessary to abandon the ship in haste. Orders were given to unload upon the ice everything that would be of use in the long winter yet before the men. The work must be done with dispatch.

While the crew was passing the bags over the side of the ship the cook, who was of an excitable nature, suddenly appeared at the rail with a large bag, which he heaved over with all his strength. It struck the ice below with a resounding crash, causing one of the sailors to exclaim:

"Hello, cook, what was that?"

"Oh, that is all right," he answered. "It was lamp chimneys and flatirons."

But it was hardly all right, for during the winter they were obliged to cut the bottoms out of pickle bottles and use them in place of chimneys that had been broken.

Doubtless True.

A teacher in a Birmingham school was endeavoring to explain the term "booking" as applied to our railway system, says London Tit-Bits.

"Now," he was saying, "can any of you tell me the name of the office at which railway tickets are sold?"

"The booking office," replied one of the lads.

"Right," responded the teacher.

At this moment his eye fell on a small boy at the end of the class who was evidently paying very little attention to what was said.

"Did you hear that, Spry?" he demanded.

"Wot, sir?" asked that youth innocently.

"As I thought, you were not listening. We will suppose your father decided to have a day's holiday and visit the seaside. What would he have to do before he could take his seat in the train?"

Without a moment's thought the youngster electrified his teacher by replying:

"Pawn his tools!"

Odd French English.

A correspondent has been studying English pronunciation in a French dictionary (Pierre Larousse, 1890) and picks out a few examples to show how much effort is necessary for a Frenchman to acquire a fine articulation of English. They are all taken from a surprisingly long list of English phrases current in France. [illegible] "Self government" looks an even more imposing political ideal as "self gheuvernment," and the word "shocking" is quite splendid when rendered "chok-inn-gue." The opening words of Hamlet's famous soliloquy have a decidedly foreign look, [illegible]—Manchester Guardian.

Alluring Surroundings.

A young man who had just gone to Philadelphia to take employment in a business house was casting about for a suitable room for himself in Germantown when he chanced upon one in a fine house overlooking a cemetery.

He was a little doubtful about the terms and more than doubtful about the cemetery.

"Your rate is pretty high," he murmured hesitatingly to the landlady.

"But consider the cheerful view, sir," ventured the mistress of the house.

"Cheerful view!" exclaimed that applicant for lodgings. "Is that what you call a view that embraces a graveyard?"

"Why, certainly," was the response. "Just think how comfortin' and cheerin' it will be when you look out of your window and think you're not there!"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Arsenic.

Arsenic is mined in Japan, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany, England and, within a limited area, in the United States. Its uses are many. As a poison it has been known from very early times. The peasant women of Austria consume large quantities of it, having faith in its virtues as a beautifier, and the men of the same region are addicted to its use in the mistaken belief that it increases their bodily strength and endurance.

Noblesse Oblige.

"What are you staring at, Nellie?"

"Oh, please, ma'am, with your hair like that and your diamonds you do look so like Lady Plantaganet Gingham that I was own maid to! Are you any relation, ma'am?"

"No—at least no near relation. But you can have that pink silk waist of mine, Nellie!"—Life.

An Effort to Console.

"Yes," said Mrs. Flummerton, "my ancestors were among the country's first settlers."

"Well," answered Mrs. Cumrox consolingly, "the social and educational facilities in those days must have been rather crude, but I don't believe in heredity."—Washington Star.

Foolish Question.

"Some one stole every blessed stocking off our line."

"What are blessed stockings?"

"Those which are not darned, of course."—Exchange.

Great characters shine out through small crevices.

A MULE CART EXPERIENCE.

How a Whisky Peddler Was Turned From Evil Ways.

By FRANK H. SWEET.

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"You mus'n't tote that, maw; hit's too heavy. Sot hit down."

The boy's voice was full of expostulatory tenderness, and after glancing at him irresolutely the woman set the heavy pail she was carrying upon the ground. "I reckoned hit mout he'p you uns," she said wearily, "there's so much to be did. Your paw's got to mend the waggin an' satisfy the crap an' look arter a chance o' small things 'fore we can go."

There was a warm flush on the boy's sallow cheeks as he lifted the pail and started toward the cabin. The woman followed more slowly, but a soft light crept into her eyes as she watched the small figure trudging before her.

Before she reached the small cabin Jeff came out. He held a hammer in one hand and a tin can half filled with rusty nails in the other.

"Now I'm goin' to he'p pap with the waggin," he said, with a grin. "Jest you rest easy. The wuk's no great, an' pap 'll p'intedly be ready for startin' come Tuesday."

In his younger days Tom Norton had the reputation of being a thrifty, hardworking man. But, like many of his neighbors, he owned a still, hidden somewhere in the mountains, which he was accustomed to work at odd moments. Gradually as the years went by he came under the influence of his own distillations and spent more time in the mountains and less on the farm. And instead of being a source of revenue the still was the reverse.

"If only Tom was shet o' the still," [illegible] moved wearily about the cabin, "things [illegible] Tom was a [illegible] 'fore he [illegible] [illegible] consists of [illegible] who rent [illegible] patches from the [illegible]ers. Most of the "crap" goes to the landlord for rent and advances, and after it is gathered there is nothing to keep the renters from following their nomadic instincts.

The one indispensable adjunct of a party is a mule "kyart" of some description, and this is something that nearly every renter possesses. It may be old and an outcast from commercial value, but with the gun and dog forms indisputable evidence of the renter's respectability.

It was near noon the next Tuesday before the Norton family were ready to make a start. The night before Tom had made his wife and Jeff go to bed early and had himself curled up on a blanket before the fire and pretended to fall asleep, but a few hours later he arose softly and stole from the cabin. The rest of the night was spent in mysterious journeys between the mountain still and the cart.

"YE MUSTN'T BE FRETTIN', NANCE."

Profiting by the experience of former trips in Florida, Tom had made a rough covering for his cart. It looked clumsy and awkward, but was strong and waterproof. Under the seat he had also made a strong box, which he provided with a lock. To Jeff's inquiry, "What's hit for?" he answered that it was "for rattlers an' pizen things that boys shouldn't be a-pursuin' of."

Although the cart was not large, it was roomy enough to hold their few belongings and still leave room for an easy chair for Mrs. Norton. Tom still owned a strong pair of mules, so it was not necessary for either him or Jeff to walk.

After crossing into Florida they followed the Suwanee river for several days and then turned to the southeast and passed through the lake region and on to Orlando and Kissimmee. They went slowly and made frequent pauses. Occasionally Tom had visitors whom he regarded with suspicion. Several times he had broken camp in the middle of the night and hurried away with all possible speed.

It was late in December when they entered the wilderness that lies between Kissimmee and Charlotte Harbor. It was a region new to Tom, and as each day disclosed fresh beauties he grew more and more enthusiastic in its praises.

One day they were surprised by the visit of a horseman, who said he came from "right smart back yonder." He proved talkative and in answer to Tom's inquiry said that very little of the land had been entered and that one could have his pick of homesteads. After he left Mrs. Norton looked anxiously at her husband.

"Hit's be a mighty nice place to settle," she at last ventured.

"Purty fair," he admitted, looking around appreciatively, "but I 'low I ain't jest ready for that yit. I must look roun' mo'. There's said to be 'mazin' good land down Charlotte Harbor way." Then, seeing the hopeless look creep back to her eyes, he added, not unkindly: "Ye mustn't be frettin', Nance. I figger on makin' jest a little mo', an' then we'll settle down for sure an' certing. We can come back here any time if there's no better land to be foun'. I 'low on stoppin' to Bartow, an' then we'll push on straight for the Harbor."

Another day was spent in hunting, and then they resumed their journey. Late one afternoon they reached the outskirts of Bartow and, as usual, made camp in the woods half a mile or so from town. While Jeff and his mother prepared supper Tom went to "look roun'." As soon as breakfast was over the next morning he again departed. Soon after Mrs. Norton went to buy groceries; Jeff remained to gather firewood. As he was returning to camp with an armful of pine knots he saw two large rattlesnakes almost in his path. At first he thought it strange that they had given no warning, but a little investigation showed that both were dead, probably killed by some sportsman the day before.

After he had gathered enough firewood he went to the cart to get a palmetto cane he had been at work upon at odd moments. There was no inducement to hunt near the town, and he had decided to spend the day in camp working on his cane. While he was still searching for it he was accosted by a rough voice.

"Howdy, thar, sonny! Come out an' show yourse'f. Whar's the boss?"

Looking around, he saw several men watching him from the back end of the cart. He did not like their looks [illegible].

"Pap's not here. He's in town."

"Waal, hit don't matter. You'll do jest as well," and the speaker came round to the forward end of the cart, followed by his companions.

"We uns seen yore paw in town an' 'lowed he'd be here 'fore this. We're arter suthin' to drink an' reckon you can sarve us," and as he spoke he took a handful of small coins from his pocket and began to jingle them.

"There's the water bucket," said Jeff quietly. "You can he'p yourse'fs."

The man laughed derisively. "That's all right, sonny; but ye needn't be feared of we uns. We ain't talkers. Jest hand out the pizen, an' we'll be trottin' back. Here's yo' money."

"There's no drink here for you 'cep'n what's in the bucket. You can take hit or leave hit," and Jeff resumed his search for the missing cane.

The men muttered angrily among themselves.

"See here, sonny," said one of them menacingly, "we ain't come for fun. We 'low there's whisky in that box under the seat, an' we are p'intedly for tastin' hit. Fact is, Bill here was in Kissimmee a spell back an' had a peep in that box, an' he 'low's yo' paw has a fine layout. So ye mout as well be spreadin' hit for we uns."

Jeff made no answer.

"Bust the box," suggested one of the men.

"No, no," objected another. "We ain't got 'thority for that. If we all 'spects to make money outen this thing we must keep on the law. I reckon hit'll be best." Then followed a whispered conversation in which Jeff caught the words "sheriff," "'thority," "s'arch warrant," "back 'fore he knows hit."

Then a head was thrust into the back of the cart. "Say, bub, s'posen ye give we uns a peep in that box?"

"Can't do hit. Pap has the key. 'Sides, he 'lowed hit was for rattlers an' sich an' if I was too p'intedly cur'us he'd wrap a hickory roun' me. You uns mout's well be gittin'."

"Waal, then, far'well, sonny. Mebbe ye'll be more hospiterble when we calls ag'in an' axes for a peep at yo' rattlers."

Jeff listened until the sounds of their footsteps had died away in the brush. Then he crawled quickly from the cart. In one hand he held the missing cane; the other grasped a hammer and cold chisel. Assuring himself that no one was in sight, he made a hurried examination of the fastenings of the box. It was firm and strong.

"Have to break the lock staple," he muttered to himself. "Most likely pap 'll r'ar an' charge when he finds hit out, but there's no other way as I can see. An' 'pears to me the 'casion calls for hit."

A few quick blows, and the staple yielded to the keen edge of the chisel. Lifting the cover, Jeff saw that the box was filled with small kegs and jugs. Sandwiched among them were bottles of various sizes. Many of them were empty. Jeff did not waste time. Grasping one of the kegs, he attempted to lift it from the box. But the keg was very heavy, and it was only after repeated efforts that he succeeded in getting his load to the ground. Then, with the keg grasped firmly in his arms, he staggered into the woods. In a few minutes he returned for another keg. At the end of twenty minutes the box was empty. Then he went after the rattlesnakes he had found a short time before. These he coiled in the box to look as natural as possible.

But he was not yet satisfied. There was an unmistakable odor of whisky about the box. He must remove it. But how? Presently a broad grin spread over his face. Going to the back part of the cart, he found a large can of kerosene. Nearly half of this was poured into the box and carefully rubbed into every corner and crevice. Then the can itself was placed in the box beside the snakes. He now shut the box and took a staple from his pocket. Connecting this with the lock he drove it into the very holes from which he had removed the other staple.

"BACK TO WHERE YOUR MOTHER WANTED TO HOMESTEAD."

An hour went by. His mother returned with her purchases and began to make preparations for dinner. Jeff left his work on the cane and started a fire and brought water. Then he returned to the cart. Soon after he saw a number of men coming through the woods. As they came nearer he saw that his father was in their midst. But instead of leading he seemed to be led, and the men about him were talking excitedly.

"Waal, sonny, here we air," said one of them who had visited him before. [illegible] to be hospiterble, an' we have an argyment this time."

"Be quiet, Jim; I will manage this thing," and a tall, broad shouldered man stepped from the group. "The fact is, youngster," he continued, addressing Jeff, "your father is suspected of selling whisky contrary to law, and I am here with a search warrant. If he is innocent the search will be a mere matter of form; if not—well, it will be a bad job for your father."

"But he ain't innercent," cried the man called Bill. "That box is jammed plumb full o' whisky. I've seed hit."

"We will soon find out," said the sheriff. Then, turning to Tom, he added sternly: "Give me the key. It will save breaking the box."

Tom produced it with trembling fingers.

"Now, boy, jump down. We will not require your help."

"But there's only rattlers an' kerosene in the box."

"Never mind. We'll see for ourselves."

As the sheriff raised the lid of the box several of the men crowded forward eagerly. Jeff saw his father glance around hastily, as though meditating escape. But whatever his intention it was arrested by a surprised exclamation from the sheriff.

"Rattlesnakes!" and the box cover came down with a bang. The men looked at each other blankly.

"But there must be whisky!" insisted Bill, who had stood a little in the background. "I've seen hit, an' I've tasted hit."

Bill approached cautiously and raised the lid a few inches, but he closed it quickly. At the same time he gave a sniff of disgust. "Rattlesnakes an' ile! Not a breath o' whisky, an' the ole contrapshun smells as though it 'd been soaked in carysene for twenty year. Hit beats me, sheriff. If the waggin don't show whisky I give up."

But nothing could be found. At last the sheriff approached Tom. "There is more in this than I understand," he said abruptly, "and I have an idea that you are as much surprised as the rest of us. Your looks show it. After we go away you would better ask that boy of yours to make an explanation."

Tom did not answer. But after the sheriff had departed with his men a light came into his face. Turning to Jeff, he said, "Waal?"

For answer the boy led him back into the woods to a pile of broken kegs and bottles. A strong odor of whisky filled the air.

Tom regarded the pile for some time in silence. "Hit's the last o' the still," he said at length. "This here's bee too close a shave to take any mo' chances. I'll drop hit fo' good."

After dinner preparations were made to depart. As Jeff climbed into the cart and took the reins he looked at his father interrogatively.

"Back to whar yo' maw wanted to homestead. We'll build a cabin, an' then I'll go up t' Gainesville an' enter the claim. Hit's cheaper to earn by work than by dodgin' roun' the law."

LOST ON DRESS PARADE.

A Romance That Might Have Been, but Fate Intervened.

By O. HENRY.

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Mr. Towers Chandler was pressing his evening suit in his hall bedroom. One iron was heating on a small gas stove, the other was being pushed vigorously back and forth to make the desirable crease that would be seen later on extending in straight lines from Mr. Chandler's patent leather shoes to the edge of his low cut vest.

Our next view of him shall be as he descends the steps of his lodging house immaculately and correctly clothed, calm, assured, handsome—in appearance—the typical New York young clubman setting out, slightly bored, to inaugurate the pleasures of the evening.

HE DECIDED TO ASK HER.

Chandler's honorarium was $18 per week. He was employed in the office of an architect. He was twenty-two years old.

Out of each week's earnings Chandler set aside $1. At the end of each ten weeks with the extra capital thus accumulated he purchased one gentleman's evening from the bargain counter of stingy old Father Time. He arrayed himself in the regalia of millionaires and presidents; he took himself to the quarter where life is brightest and showiest and there dined with taste and luxury.

This one delectable evening culled from each dull seventy was to Chandler a source of renascent bliss. To the society bud comes but one debut—it stands alone sweet in her memory when her hair has whitened—but to Chandler each ten weeks brought a joy as keen, as thrilling, as new as the first had been. To sit among bon vivants under palms in the swirl of concealed music, to look upon the habitues of such a paradise and to be looked upon by them—what is a girl's first dance and short sleeved tulle compared with this?

Up Broadway Chandler moved with the vespertine dress parade. For this evening he was an exhibit as well as a gazer. For the next sixty-nine evenings he would be dining in cheviot and worsted at dubious table d'hotes, at whirlwind lunch counters, on sandwiches and beer in his hall bedroom. He was willing to do that, for he was a true son of the great city of razzle-dazzle, and to him one evening in the limelight made up for many dark ones.

Chandler protracted his walk until the Forties began to intersect the great and glittering primrose way, for the evening was yet young, and when one is of the beau monde only one day in seventy, one loves to protract the pleasure. Eyes bright, sinister, curious, admiring, provocating, alluring, were bent upon him, for his garb and air proclaimed him a devotee to the hour of solace and pleasure.

At a certain corner he came to a standstill, proposing to himself the question of turning back toward the showy and fashionable restaurant in which he usually dined on the evenings of his especial luxury. Just then a girl scudded lightly around the corner, slipped on a patch of icy snow and fell plump upon the sidewalk.

Chandler assisted her to her feet with instant and solicitous courtesy. The girl hobbled to the wall of the building, leaned against it and thanked him demurely.

"I think my ankle is strained," she said. "It twisted when I fell."

"Does it pain you much?" inquired Chandler.

"Only when I rest my weight upon it. I think I will be able to walk in a minute or two."

"If I can be of any further service," suggested the young man, "I will call a cab, or"—

"Thank you," said the girl softly, but heartily. "I am sure you need not trouble yourself any further. It was so awkward of me. And my shoe heels are horribly common sense. I can't blame them at all."

Chandler looked at the girl and found her swiftly drawing his interest. She was pretty in a refined way, and her eye was both merry and kind. She was inexpensively clothed in a plain black dress that suggested a sort of uniform such as shopgirls wear. Her glossy dark brown hair showed its coils beneath a cheap hat of black straw whose only ornament was a velvet ribbon and bow. She could have posed as a model for the self respecting working girl of the best type.

A sudden idea came into the head of the young architect. He would ask this girl to dine with him. Here was the element that his splendid but solitary periodic feasts had lacked. His brief season of elegant luxury would be doubly enjoyable if he could add to it a lady's society. This girl was a lady, he was sure—her manner and speech settled that. And in spite of her extremely plain attire he felt that he would be pleased to sit at table with her.

These thoughts passed swiftly through his mind, and he decided to ask her. It was a breach of etiquette, of course, but oftentimes wage earning girls waived formalities in matters of this kind. They were generally shrewd judges of men and thought better of their own judgment than they did of useless conventions. His $10, discreetly expended, would enable the two to dine very well indeed. The dinner would no doubt be a wonderful experience thrown into the dull routine of the girl's life, and her lively appreciation of it would add to his own triumph and pleasure.

"I think," he said to her, with frank gravity, "that your foot needs a longer rest than you suppose. Now, I am going to suggest a way in which you can give it that and at the same time do me a favor. I was on my way to dine all by my lonely self when you came tumbling around the corner. You come with me, and we'll have a cozy dinner and a pleasant talk together, and by that time your game ankle will carry you home very nicely, I am sure."

The girl looked quickly up into Chandler's clear, pleasant countenance. Her eyes twinkled once very brightly, and then she smiled ingenuously.

"But we don't know each other. It wouldn't be right, would it?" she said doubtfully.

"There is nothing wrong about it," said the young man candidly. "I'll introduce myself—permit me—Mr. Towers Chandler. After our dinner, which I will try to make as pleasant as possible, I will bid you good evening or attend you safely to your door, whichever you prefer."

"But, dear me!" said the girl, with a glance at Chandler's faultless attire. "In this old dress and hat!"

"Never mind that," said Chandler cheerfully. "I'm sure you look more charming in them than any one we shall see in the most elaborate dinner toilet."

"My ankle does hurt yet," admitted the girl, attempting a limping step. "I think I will accept your invitation, Mr. Chandler. You may call me Miss Marian."

"Come, then, Miss Marian," said the young architect gayly, but with perfect courtesy. "You will not have far to walk. There is a very respectable and good restaurant in the next block. You will have to lean on my arm—so—and walk slowly. It is lonely dining all by oneself. I'm just a little bit glad that you slipped on the ice."

When the two were established at a well appointed table, with a promising waiter hovering in attendance, Chandler began to experience the real joy that his regular outing always brought to him.

The restaurant was not so showy or pretentious as the one farther down Broadway which he always preferred, but it was nearly so. The tables were well filled with prosperous looking diners, there was a good orchestra playing softly enough to make conversation a possible pleasure, and the cuisine and service were beyond criticism. His companion even in her cheap hat and dress held herself with an air that added distinction to the natural beauty of her face and figure. And it is certain that she looked at Chandler, with his animated but self possessed manner and his kindling and frank blue eyes with something not far from admiration in her own charming face.

SO HE BEGAN TO PRATE OF CLUBS.

Then it was that the madness of Manhattan, the frenzy of fuss and feathers, the bacillus of brag, the provincial plague of pose, seized upon Towers Chandler. He was on Broadway, surrounded by pomp and style, and there were eyes to look at him. On the stage of that comedy he had assumed to play the one night part of a butterfly of fashion and an idler of means and taste. He was dressed for the part, and all his good angels had not the power to prevent him from acting it.

So he began to prate to Miss Marian of clubs, of teas, of golf and riding and kennels and cotillions and tours abroad and threw out hints of a yacht lying at Larchmont. He could see that she was vastly impressed by this vague talk, so he indorsed his pose by random insinuations concerning great wealth and mentioned familiarly a few names that are handled reverently by the proletariat. It was Chandler's short little day, and he was wringing from it the best that could be had as he saw it. And yet once or twice he saw the pure gold of this girl shine through the mist that his egotism had raised between him and all objects.

"This way of living that you speak of," she said, "sounds so futile and purposeless. Haven't you any work to do in the world that might interest you more?"

"My dear Miss Marian," he exclaimed—"work! Think of dressing every day for dinner, of making half a dozen calls in an afternoon, with a policeman at every corner ready to jump into your auto and take you to the station if you get up any greater speed than a donkey cart's gait! We do-nothings are the hardest workers in the land."

The dinner was concluded, the waiter generously feed, and the two walked out to the corner where they had met. Miss Marian walked very well now; her limp was scarcely noticeable.

"Thank you for a nice time," she said frankly. "I must run home now. I liked the dinner very much, Mr. Chandler."

He shook hands with her, smiling cordially, and said something about a game of bridge at his club. He watch-

[illegible] "[illegible] girl," he said [illegible] all right, too, I'd [illegible] even if she does have to work. [illegible] if I'd told her the truth [illegible] of all that razzle-dazzle we might— But, confound it, I had to play up to my clothes."

Thus spoke the brave who was born and reared in the wigwams of the tribe of the Manhattans.

The girl, after leaving her entertainer, sped swiftly cross town until she arrived at a handsome and sedate mansion two squares to the east, facing on that avenue which is the highway of Mammon and the auxiliary gods. Here she entered hurriedly and ascended to a room where a handsome young lady in an elaborate house dress was looking anxiously out the window.

"Oh, you madcap!" exclaimed the elder girl when the other entered. "When will you quit frightening us this way? It is two hours since you ran out in that rag of an old dress and Marie's hat. Mamma has been so alarmed. She sent Louis in the auto to try to find you. You are a bad, thoughtless puss."

The elder girl touched a button, and a maid came in a moment.

"Marie, tell mamma that Miss Marian has returned."

"Don't scold, sister. I only ran down to Mme. Theo's to tell her to use mauve insertion instead of pink. My costume and Marie's hat were just what I needed. Every one thought I was a shopgirl, I am sure."

"Dinner is over, dear; you stayed so late."

"I know. I slipped on the sidewalk and turned my ankle. I could not walk, so I hobbled into a restaurant and sat there until I was better. That is why I was so long."

The two girls sat in the window seat looking out at the lights and the stream of hurrying vehicles in the avenue. The younger one cuddled down with her head in her sister's lap.

"We will have to marry some day," she said dreamily—"both of us. We have so much money that we will not be allowed to disappoint the public. Do you want me to tell you the kind of man I could love, sis?"

"Go on, you scatterbrain," smiled the other.

"I could love a man with dark and kind blue eyes, who is gentle and respectful to poor girls, who is handsome and good and does not try to flirt. But I could love him only if he had an ambition, an object, some work to do in the world. I would not care how poor he was if I could help him build his way up. But, sister dear, the kind of man we always meet—the man who lives an idle life between society and his clubs—I could not love a man like that even if his eyes were blue and he were ever so kind to poor girls whom he met in the street."

A Revolutionary Puzzle.

These odd rhymes were written in the early part of the Revolutionary war—about 1776. If read as written they are a tribute to the king and his army, but if read downward on either side of the comma they indicate an unmistakable spirit of rebellion to both king and parliament. The author is unknown:

Hark, hark the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms,
Who for King George doth stand, their honors soon shall shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the congress join.
The acts of parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the congress fight.
The Tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast.
Who nonresistant hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act the Whiggish part.
On Mansfield, North and Bute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on congress evermore.
To North and British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block and cord, to General Washington.

—National Magazine.

Rather the Other.

"Don't you know that tune? I forget the name of it, but it goes like this." And he whistled it.

After he had finished his friend turned to him with a sigh. "I wish to goodness you had remembered the name and not the tune," he said.—Lippincott's.

For prices on woven wire fence see Means Bros.

AUDITORS' REPORT.

John D. Abbey, treasurer, in account with the road funds of the Township of Keating for the year 1909, ending March 1, 1910.

Dr.		
To amount of special road duplicate	$ 1632 61	
To received of F. A. Gallup, former treasurer	172 15	
To received of Christale Herzog, on overpaid judgment	82 63	
To received on unseated special	336 52	
To received of A. G. Farley, col., special	373 42	
To received of general road fund and applied on special	568 26	$3165 59
Cr.		
By paid York Bridge Co., judgment and interest and costs	$ 2418 55	
By paid National Bank interest	38 05	
By commission on $2456.55 at 2 per cent	49 13	
By 5 per cent allowed taxpayers on $873.60	43 68	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector	615 53	$3165 59
Dr.		
To amount of road duplicate per capita	$ 196 00	
To amount of work tax duplicate	908 95	
To amount received from N. C. Hyde	25	
To amount received from C. W. Stratton	4 04	
To amount received on Bond issue	4000 00	
To amount money borrowed of Grange Bank	1500 00	
To amount received of A. G. Farley, collector	700 23	
To amount received of county treasurer, unseated	569 80	$8187 27
Cr.		
By 5 per cent allowed taxpayers on $170.00	$ 8 50	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector	564 00	
By 5 per cent allowed taxpayers on $235.40	11 77	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector	327 85	
By order paid to M. S. Comes, supervisor	60 00	
By amount paid for work on road and bridge	963 16	
By amount paid for freight and material	1030 99	
By amount paid for stationery, printing & postage	95 90	
By paid C. W. Stratton, pathmaster, old order	100 00	
By paid C. W. Stratton, pathmaster for 1909	320 00	
By paid N. C. Hyde, pathmaster for 1909	163 70	
By paid Alfred Peterson, pathmaster for 1909	213 00	
By paid on old bills	14 77	
By paid John Stratton, secretary, salary	100 00	
By paid John Stratton, supervisor's expenses	2 15	
By paid Auditors' fees	42 00	
By paid Town Clerk	37 00	
By paid attorney salary $50.00, and Justice fees, $1.00	51 00	
By paid A. R. Cory, ex-supervisor for meeting days (1909)	31 50	
By paid M. S. Comes, supervisor, meeting days, 1907-8-9	61 50	
By paid J. D. Abbey, supervisor, meeting days, 1906-7-8	61 50	
By paid J. H. Stratton, supervisor, meeting days, 1907-8-9	79 50	
By paid C. W. Curtis, supervisor, meeting days, 1909	27 00	
By paid Penn Bridge Company	1658 00	
By paid blacksmith bill	11 25	
By paid C. D. Comes for measuring road	50 00	
By paid Mrs. Schoonmaker for right of way and damages	25 00	
By amount paid special fund	568 26	
By commission on $5204.92 at 2 per cent.	104 00	
By amount deposited in Grange National Bank to balance	1337 58	$8187 27

A. G. Farley, collector of the Township of Keating, in account with the road funds of said township for the year 1908.

Dr.		
To balance due on 1908 duplicate	$ 1365 91	$1365 91
Cr.		
By exonerations on 1908 duplicate	$ 237 67	
By paid to J. D. Abbey, treasurer	766 36	
By commission on $766.36 at 5 per cent.	38 32	
By commission on $361.55 at 5 per cent.	18 09	
By amount paid over to M. S. Comes, treasurer, to balance	305 47	$1365 91
Dr.		
To amount of duplicate, 1909, special	615 63	
To amount of duplicate, 1909 per capita	564 00	
To amount of duplicate, 1909, road work tax	327 85	$1507 48
Cr.		
By paid J. D. Abbey, treasurer, on road special	$ 143 13	
By paid J. D. Abbey, treasurer, on road per capita	74 50	
By paid J. D. Abbey, treasurer, on road work tax	99 45	
By due township from A. G. Farley, collector, on 1909 duplicate, minus exonerations	1190 40	1507 48

M. S. Comes, J. H. Stratton and C. W. Curtis, supervisors of the Township of Keating, in account with the road funds of said township.

Dr.		
To amount of work road tax duplicate of 1909	$ 2587 99	$2587 99
Cr.		
By amount collected by J. D. Abbey, treasurer (1909)	$ 608 95	
By amount turned over to A. G. Farley, collector (1909)	327 85	
By amount worked out on duplicate (1909)	1651 19	$2587 99
Resources.		
By balance due from A. G. Farley, collector, on 1909 duplicate less exonerations	$ 1190 40	
By balance in Grange Bank	1337 58	
By amount turned over to M. S. Comes, treasurer	305 47	
By amount of liabilities excess of resources to balance	2778 28	$5611 73
Liabilities.		
To amount of outstanding orders	$ 111 73	
To amount due Grange National Bank	1500 00	
To amount of bonds issued	4000 00	$5611 73

We, the Auditors of the Township of Keating, having examined the accounts and vouchers of J. D. Abbey, treasurer, A. G. Farley, collector, M. S. Comes, J. H. Stratton and Charles Curtis, supervisors, respectively officers of said township, do find them as above stated.

Witness our hands and seals this 10th day of March, A. D. 1910.

S. D. CRAWFORD,
WM. TANNER,
ALLAN OVIATT,
Auditors.

Attest:
M. S. COMES,
Secretary of Board of Supervisors.

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We are Prepared to Supply From Hat to Hose—In the Best Taste and at Right Prices.

What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

$15 - $20 - $25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at $5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth $1.50 of anybody's money.

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Rich shadings of pure silk and patterns galore, 25c to $1.00.

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Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
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ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
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Thomas H. Morrison,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
Smethport, Penn'a.
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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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F. L. SHERBURNE, Mgr.
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